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THE SPHERE
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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, January 14, 1939

M. Daladier Receives The Order of the Blood

The Scene at the Palace at Bardo as the French Premier was about to be Decorated by the Bey of Tunis

At Bardo, seventeenth-century palace of the Beys and scene in 1881 of the signing of the treaty by which France established the Tunis protectorate, the French Prime Minister was received on January 4 by the present occupant of the throne of Tunis. There M. Daladier declared France's determination to protect her North African possessions to the utmost and the Bey reaffirmed his loyalty, at the same time conferring upon the distinguished visitor the Order of the Blood, an honour usually reserved for royalty or heads of states and entitling the recipient to address the donor as cousin. This was only one of many big events during M. Daladier's Mediterranean tour which took him to Corsica, Tunisia, and Algiers. Everywhere he went the Prime Minister was given a resounding reception, far exceeding all expectations and clearly revealing to Rome that whatever claims she supposes she has on the two first-named places are certainly not founded on the sentiments of the inhabitants. (See also pages 42 and 43 of this issue)

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ROYAL ARMORIAL BEARINGS ARE NOW APPEARING ON SHOP FRONTS, about thirty Royal Warrants, which were gazetted last July and confirmed this month, having been issued to firms supplying His Majesty. A similar number have been issued to firms supplying the Queen, while there are approximately eight hundred George V warrants still in existence

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32-34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4
Wednesday, January 11, 1939.

THE PRESIDENT'S WARNING.

— Mr. Roosevelt's anxiously-awaited message did, if I mistake not, carry with him in warm agreement all sane elements (90 per cent. at least) of America and of the democratic nations. He said with frankness, dignity, and strength and with no petty recrimination or bitter mud-slinging, the things which are in the hearts of all Christians and civilised beings to-day. He said the things that a great mass of men of goodwill towards Mr. Chamberlain and M. Daladier have wished them to say with equal courage, restraint, force and clarity, things which, if so said, we believe would have done good long since. I shall not quote at length from his speech. A few words I will repeat: "An ordering of society which rejects religion, democracy, and international good faith has no place within it for the ideals of the Prince of Peace. The United States rejects such an ordering and preserves its ancient faith." Those words were spoken in the simplicity of language and in the strength of utterance for which Lincoln was famous, and may well be compared by posterity with famous utterances of Lincoln's. They were received by Congress with loud and long applause, taken up by the democratic world outside. Spoken thus for the mass of the American people who, to the despair of democratic Europe and the relief of the dictators, have for decades regarded the tangle of Europe as outside their sphere and a source of infinite danger to be at all cost shunned, it is impossible for us any longer to doubt that these were not "mere words." In dealing with men who know no argument but force, words without acts are nothing, avail no whit. What "acts" may be implied with these words? I think the full text of the speech supplies the answer, for the President defined the essential requirements of America to-day if she is to save civilisation and herself from destruction at the hands of the dictators. He implemented the need for internal solidarity by clearly showing that he intended henceforth to put an end to the policy of class hatred between employers and labour which the New Deal seems to have carried so unexpectedly and unfortunately far. He showed a new determination to appease the contending elements in industry, a hint which will win him back the support of thousands of business men of goodwill. He showed that he intends to make America a power to be reckoned with if recourse to war be forced on her and he showed that the great democracies of Europe whose ideals are the same as his may in such case depend on more than words and moral support from America. If his speech has not awakened America, comforted and heartened Britain and France, and given pause for much-needed thought to the dictator states, then America is not a great nation of unlimited resources and its President is not a man of his word and a strong and great statesman.

THE ROMANCE THAT HIT THE HEADLINES: Mr. Brian Grover, the British engineer, and his thirty-five-year-old Russian wife being escorted along the platform on arrival at Harwich last week-end. Mr. Grover was arrested after defying immigration regulations by flying to Russia to rejoin his wife, whom he had not seen for four years. Their reunion was brought about by his release from a Soviet prison and by a special decree of the Supreme Soviet Council releasing Mrs. Grover from her Russian citizenship

AMERICA'S NEW YEAR.—

It is probably recognised now in Big Business in America that the New Deals of Mr. Roosevelt rightly diagnosed the troubles of the United States but applied the wrong cures. That is General Hugh Johnson's view and he put the major troubles at: 1. The economic inequality of agriculture. 2. The disadvantage of labour without collective bargaining free from employer domination. 3. National responsibility to relieve human suffering due to lags in the economic system. 4. Removing abuses in the banking and stock exchange systems. 5. Cutting out the judicial "no-man's land" between the power of the *states* and the power of the nation to regulate inter-state commerce and industry. No one now would wish things back as they were before New Deal ideals were ventilated by the President. The change of treatment is quite another matter. Confidence and prosperity might quickly return if the Government could materially assure industry that its first concern to-day is to activate rather than to restrict incentives to production and to promote class goodwill rather than class warfare. If that aim could be convincing, the problems admitted to need solution might solve themselves. So say old enemies inveterate of the New Deal. Meanwhile, the Federal debt, which was about 14 billions when Mr. Roosevelt took office, is now beyond 40 billions, and State and City debts are all hugely increased.

Meanwhile, while America is risking her amicable relations with Germany to strike a blow for tortured Judaism, strong anti-Semite feelings are rising in certain areas in the States. In Philadelphia, for example, criminal activities by shyster lawyers have raised something of a storm. In one year's disbarment for crooked work there were twenty-six lawyers, of whom twenty-five were Jews. The Jewish-controlled press in the States is, I am told, still rather anti-British, the undercurrent of opinion being apparently that Mr. Chamberlain is showing too much restraint in the face of Nazi victimisation of the Jews. So much I gather from U.S. correspondents writing at the New Year.

THE CANADIAN TOUR.—

Dates and details of the Canadian tour were published last week. Their Majesties will be out of Britain from May 8 to June 22. They will spend twenty-eight days in Canada, four days in America, and thirteen in H.M.S. *Rebulse*—forty-five days in all. Save when in the *Rebulse* and during a day or two at Banff, Victoria, and at Jasper Park, when they will rest, they will be engaged almost continuously during daytime. They will stay one night at Quebec, go for the day to Montreal, and sleep three nights at Ottawa at Government House. Then they will go east by rail to the Pacific

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"THE ROAD TO ROME": MR. CHAMBERLAIN SETS OUT ON HIS FIFTH MISSION FOR PEACE IN FOUR MONTHS: A CALM CHANNEL CROSSING

THE PRIME MINISTER SAYS GOOD-BYE: Mr. Chamberlain pictured on the platform at Victoria before setting out for Rome last Tuesday on the fifth journey abroad that he has undertaken in four months in pursuance of what he has referred to as "a prolonged and determined effort to eradicate possible causes of war" by the method of direct personal contact. The Prime Minister, who was accompanied by Foreign Secretary Lord Halifax (in group on right), reached Paris late on Tuesday afternoon and before continuing his journey took tea at the Quai d'Orsay with M. Daladier, the French Prime Minister, and M. Bonnet, the French Foreign Minister, confirming in the course of their talk "the general identity of views previously arrived at between the two Governments"

CONVERSATION ROUND THE COMPASS: Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax talking with Captain Charles Hancock on the bridge of the S.S. *Canterbury* as they crossed from Dover to Calais last Tuesday. They reached Paris at 5.45 in the afternoon and at 7.30 p.m. continued their journey to Italy where they were received on Wednesday with much enthusiasm. Accompanying the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary were Sir Alexander Cadogan, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Maurice Ingram, head of the Southern Department at the Foreign Office, and Lord Dunglass, Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Prime Minister

DALADIER WELCOMED in CORSICA and

Dramatic Scenes during the French Premier's Historic Round of Med

CORSICA'S GREETINGS: M. Daladier pictured in company with girls in national dress on arrival at Bastia on the first day of his momentous Mediterranean tour during which he was accorded a series of enthusiastic demonstrations of loyalty

A PALM TREE PROVIDED A POINT OF VANTAGE for these natives as M. Daladier drove through Tunis city where he was acclaimed no less tumultuously than he had been in Corsica, the populace turning out in great numbers to show their loyalty

MOUNTED FOREIGN LEGIONARIES AT SOUSSE drawn up to await the French Premier's arrival in the town on January 5. Sousse is a stronghold of the Young Arab Nationalist Party (Neo-Destour) in Tunis, and only last spring martial law had to be proclaimed there in view of anti-French disturbances. On the occasion of M. Daladier's visit, however, it was noted that Neo-Destour adherents were among the acclaiming crowds

WILD ENTHUSIASM IN TUNIS CITY

Young French colonials giving M. Daladier a frenzied welcome as he drove through the streets of Tunis city on a visit made memorable by a display of popular enthusiasm that undoubtedly exceeded all expectations and clearly evidenced Tunisia's desire to remain under the present protectorate. At a gala banquet in Tunis city the Premier declared: "France brings to you order and discipline, which are the surest protection against brute force and tyranny. France brings you her own experience of fraternity and freedom, and she has the strength to ensure your safety"

TUNISIA

iterranean Visits

FRENCH FRONTIER TROOPS PARADE AT AIN TOUNINE: Infantry (*above on left*) and cavalry (*right*), with the feet of the galloping horses creating a miniature dust storm, seen during the big military parade held at this Tunisian oasis to mark the visit of the French Premier. Before the review M. Daladier inspected the Mareth line, the mighty series of desert defences stretching along the Tunis-Libya frontier and, as such, providing a guarantee that France is ready to defend this colonial possession to the utmost in the face of Italian claims. Additional fortifications are now being constructed there and the latest barbed-wire entanglements are 15 ft. deep

This was the dramatic scene at the desert oasis of Ain Tounine as, raising clouds of dust and dragging their pack mules with them, the Spahis galloped past at the review held to mark the visit of M. Daladier. The review was especially remarkable for the voluntary presence of the Tunisian tribal chiefs, who said to the Prime Minister: "If some day France needs us again, we will come to fight for her with all our force, all our souls and all our love"

THE SPAHIS' THRILLING GALLOP PAST

ADEN CELEBRATES ITS CENTENARY:

January 19 Marks the Date of Britain's Capture of this Vital Halfway House on the Trade Route to the East : Aden's Promising Future

HOW many of the millions of travellers who annually call at or lie off Aden on their way to or from the East realise that it was a chance occurrence which led the British to establish a foothold on the southern shore of the Arabian Peninsula? It was the seizure of the British Agent at Aden by one of the sons of the Sultan of Aden that impelled Britain in 1839 to seize Aden itself, and it is the centenary of that exploit that is being celebrated on January 19.

Yet it must be confessed that the creation of some strong point in the vicinity of Aden was a logical sequence in the ideas germinated in the minds of British strategists as a consequence of Napoleon's attempted invasion of Egypt. Already, in 1799, Perim, in the middle of the Straits Bab-el-Mandeb, had been occupied by the British, only to be later abandoned and to be reoccupied in 1857, and as early as 1827 the notion of making Aden a British coaling station on the way to India was attracting some attention.

For nearly the whole of the period of the British connection with Aden the place has been administered under the Government of Bombay. But the exigencies of modern times, and particularly the passing of the Government of India Act, made it imperative that this vital link in the Empire chain should be administered from home; and in the spring of 1937 the Aden Colony and Protectorate were formally placed under the Colonial Office.

Despite this new publicity, however, the problem of Aden is much misunderstood. The literature devoted specifically to it is scanty, and there is considerable misconception about British motives in Aden. Recently, for instance, it has been alleged that the British have been making entirely new claims in southern Arabia, and especially that they have wantonly and extravagantly been annexing new territory. This charge relates particularly to the Hadhramaut, which, it is sometimes said, has hitherto been independent.

The explanation is that since the closing decades of the nineteenth century the British have had treaties with the various rulers in what is now the Protectorate, and the fact that they are now attempting, very successfully, to implement those treaties is rather a reproach to the "protectors" for having done so little earlier than a basis for attributing to them unprecedented and illegal aims of expansionism. The rulers most concerned, be it noted, the Quaiti and Kathiri Sultans and their dependants, openly welcome the new initiative on the part of the Aden authorities. The idea that there is widespread discontent with the British is simply farcical.

How has Aden fared under the British connection and what are its prospects? In the first place, Aden has been lucky. When the British acquired it, shipping was turning from sail to steam, and Aden, midway between Egypt and India, was an ideal port for the storage of coal. Its position on the ocean highway to the East ensured, moreover, that it should become a military and naval base. Further, the cutting of the Suez Canal only increased the importance of Aden, then, as now, a free port to all shipping.

The relationship of Aden to western India, already noted, has meant the presence of Indian merchants in Aden, merchants both numerous and prosperous, for although Aden has its local industries, such as salt, cloth-dyeing, dhow-building, and so on, it is on her sea-borne trade that Aden relies for her prosperity, and Indian merchants are busy with commercial activities that extend to Europe, America, Africa, the East Indies and the Far East.

For at least six months of the year Aden is a hot spot—it has been said by those who do not like it that the ink there dries in the fountain pen. But it is healthy enough. The British have done much to make it clean. They have brought a pure water supply from deep bore wells, have installed electric light, and have introduced drainage. The place is free from the tropical diseases which often prostrate non-Europeanised Eastern towns. But much remains to be done for the social lot of the people, and it is an indication alike of the comparative poverty of Aden's resources and of the benevolence and wisdom of the present Government that the best way in which those interested in Aden can celebrate this centenary is to help establish there an infant welfare clinic and to introduce a scheme of poor relief.

The Colony of Aden (population, 50,000) is one thing, however; the Protectorate (population, 600,000) is another, for large sections of it are poor and primitive. The Governor of Aden Colony is also Governor of Aden Protectorate, yet the British do not directly administer the Protectorate, which is a curious terrain of mountain, plateau, valley, and desert, under local chieftains.

Parts of the Protectorate are extremely difficult of access, except by air, and in this connection the advent of the Royal Air Force to Aden has revolutionised administration, not only from the point of view of preserving order, but also in introducing to the people concerned some of the amenities, or at least the advantages, of civilisation. For example, every tribesman has now seen in the flesh some representative of the Aden Government, and numbers of them are being trained in elementary medicine, hygiene, and surgery. To sons of ruling chiefs education in Aden is provided free.

It should not be supposed that, despite the riches of legendary past, the Protectorate of Aden holds very great wealth. The British are exploiting no Eldorado. Even the financial saviour of many another Arab land, namely, oil, seems to be lacking here. Its development, barring the lucky discovery of some minerals in demand, must be gradual. In other words, it must depend on the promotion of agriculture and on better communications. This is well realised by the authorities; hence the decision to appoint a special Agricultural Officer, a road expert for a topographical road survey, and a water engineer to discover untapped or incompletely exploited water supplies.

But all internal developments in the Colony and Protectorate depend in the first place on the preservation of order. And although the more prominent Arab rulers, such as the Sultan of Lahej or the Amir of Dhala, or the Quaiti and Kathiri Sultans, wholeheartedly favour peace and progress, there are remote spots in the Protectorate which cling to the old anarchic ways. Yet in time, and particularly with the help of locally trained levies, the blessings of peace should be made manifest to the most conservative hamlets.

So far as financial conditions permit, Aden will go steadily ahead, that is, if it continues to be administered as it is now. It has at the present time, under the Governor, Sir Bernard Reilly, a more alert and sympathetic administration than it has ever enjoyed. Every member of it appreciates the fact that unless Government interference with the traditional ways is soon justified by concrete, tangible benefits, such as schools and roads and hospitals, there is a danger of a relapse into the lawless fashions of former generations.

At this centenary, then, Aden is at the parting of the ways. A great experiment is in progress, an experiment which seeks to make the happiness and development of the people the basis of the security of Aden as an Imperial outpost.

Kenneth Williams

SUPPORTING THE £ STERLING:

How the Exchange Equalisation Fund, Most Secretive of Organisations, Keeps Price Fluctuations Within Healthy Limits

THE largest gold transaction in history has taken place during the past week. Gold to the value of £350,000,000 has been transferred from the Bank of England to the Exchange Equalisation Fund.

There is enough romance and mystery in such an operation to satisfy even the most exacting writer of thrillers. The stupendous nature of the transaction, the secrecy with which the fund is conducted, the inter-play between international financiers—all these fire the imagination. Here, surely, we have high finance at its very highest.

What exactly is the Exchange Equalisation Fund? This fund, which is managed by the Bank of England on behalf of the Government, is the outcome of the unprecedented financial conditions which have ruled throughout the world for the past few years. It has been in existence for nearly six years. It has enormous resources amounting to £575,000,000 and these are used on behalf of the Government to prevent violent fluctuations in the external value of the £ sterling. Every day business men who are engaged in foreign trade have to enter into contracts in terms of sterling or in some foreign currency. It is of the utmost importance that the relation between the value of the £ and that, say, of the U.S.A. dollar shall change as little as possible. A business man, for instance, who undertook to pay 10,000 dollars to New York in fulfilment of some contract, fixed when the £ was worth 5 dollars, would feel very sick at heart if by the time payment came to be made, the £ would only buy 4 dollars.

Since gold is no longer the universal link between the value of the various currencies of the world it is impossible to prevent changes occurring in the rates of exchange, but the Exchange Equalisation Fund was established to keep the fluctuations within narrow limits.

The fund is really a kind of shop. It has in stock all kinds of foreign currency, plenty of English money, too, in the form of Treasury Bills or cash, and, of course, large quantities of gold. Most important of the currencies held are American dollars and French francs.

Every day in the foreign exchange market vast sums in foreign currencies are continually changing hands—millions of pounds' worth of them. The foreign exchange market is not a building such as the Stock Exchange but it consists of the dealers in the foreign exchange departments of our banks and the brokers. These are surrounded by countless telephones and they spend the day ringing up, not only each other, but Paris, New York, Amsterdam and other great financial centres of the world. They buy their currencies in the cheapest market, but so closely are all the centres connected that variations between the quotations are narrow.

It sometimes happens that one particular currency—perhaps the dollar or franc, or perhaps the pound itself—is being sold heavily. Then the price of that currency will fall, measured in terms of other currencies.

Rushes to buy or sell currencies cause prices to oscillate too violently. That is where the Exchange Equalisation Fund comes in. If it thinks that sterling is being sold in such quantities as to make its price fall unduly, then it comes into the market and buys sterling. On the other hand, a foreign rush to buy sterling might send the price soaring to an undesirable level. Then in comes the fund again. It sells sterling freely, taking in payment gold, dollars, francs, or some other currency.

To deal with the tremendous volume of foreign exchange transactions necessary, it is essential that the Exchange Equalisation Fund should have almost limitless resources.

When the fund was established as a pendant of the 1932 Budget a sum of £175,000,000 was considered adequate, but in 1932 this was increased by a further £200,000,000. Subsequent additions have brought the total to the present figure of £575,000,000.

Certain people, both in Parliament and outside, have grave misgivings regarding the wisdom of allowing so huge a fund to be operated without Parliamentary control. They have urged that the accounts of the fund be published, but the Government has firmly refused on the grounds that profound secrecy is the very essence of such a fund.

In 1937, however, as a concession the Chancellor of the Exchequer agreed, in response to the many requests received, to lift the veil to a certain extent and promised to publish in future, in June and December, certain figures of the resources of the fund as at the previous March and September. It is generally assumed that during the past three months there has been a further decline in the gold holding of the fund. A transfer of gold from the Bank of England was therefore anticipated.

The size of the transfer, however—£350,000,000—has caused a little surprise, but, after all, as gold coin no longer circulates, gold has no use except for international payments. It can therefore be of much greater service under the control of the Exchange Equalisation Fund than under the ground in Threadneedle Street.

R. J. Martin

MR. MONTAGU NORMAN IN BERLIN: The Governor of the Bank of England (right) with Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, Governor of the Reichbank, who welcomed him at the Zoo station. During his stay Mr. Norman stood sponsor at the christening of Dr. Schacht's grandson, but the visit is believed to have been less private than the two protagonists declared

PEARL BUCK RECEIVES 1938 NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE

This was the impressive scene in the Concert Hall in Stockholm as Pearl Buck, the celebrated American authoress, who is seated on the left hand side of the platform, appeared to receive the 1938 Nobel Prize for Literature from the hands of King Gustave V of Sweden (centre foreground, back to camera). Miss Buck, who has spent much of her life in China, won distinction as a novelist in 1931 with the publication of *The Good Earth*—a remarkable study of Chinese life

DR. HACHA PAYS HIS FIRST OFFICIAL VISIT TO SLOVAKIA:

On right—Dr. Emil Hacha (third from right) who was elected third President of Czechoslovakia at the end of last year to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Dr. Benes, pictured with Slovakian ministers when he recently paid his first official visit to Slovakia, and made a tour of this province which is now completely autonomous and has a one-party regime under Dr. Tiso. Prior to his election by the National Assembly in Prague, Dr. Hacha was President of the Supreme Administrative Court—an office corresponding to that of Lord Chief Justice in England—but up till then he was probably better known to the majority of his countrymen as the man who translated Kipling into Czech

GIANTS OF SEA AND SKY: The flying boat *Coogee* seen beside the *Queen Mary* in Southampton Docks. The air liner has been drawn into one of the new floating docks, devised to facilitate the landing of passengers

AIR TRANSPORT AT THE NEW YEAR

The Flying-Boat Challenge to the World's Ocean Crossings

By C. D. PALMER

AIR transport progress to-day is largely directed towards the establishment of regular services over the ocean routes. Great Britain has before her the development of the North and South Atlantic routes; the Tasman Sea crossing, linking New Zealand by air to the mother country through Australia; and eventually the pioneering of a British trans-Pacific route. The United States is also preoccupied with the North Atlantic route and with the development of those routes to China and New Zealand across the Pacific which she has already pioneered. France, too, is building machines which she hopes will prove the counterpart in the air of her great ocean liners.

What is the measure of progress achieved to-day by these three nations? At the very beginning one must admit that the advance made during 1938 in the actual operational side of trans-oceanic commercial flying has been disappointing. The successful flights made across the North Atlantic in 1937 by the flying-boats of Imperial Airways and Pan-American Airways were followed by the announcement of further experimental flights with more advanced craft for 1938. But with the exception of a single flight to Montreal by the upper component of the Mayo composite aircraft, those flights have not been made.

The question of obtaining long range combined with an economic pay-load is one of the chief preoccupations of designers and prospective operators of trans-oceanic civil aircraft to-day. The Mayo composite idea, by which a lightly-loaded "porter" plane helps to lift another machine, which is carrying a heavier load than it could raise from the water unaided, and launches it at a safe operating height, is one solution of the problem which may be considered as proved both in principle and practice. Another solution is that of fuelling in the air, to a greater weight than it could lift from the surface, a machine which has taken off light.

As far as the immediate future of the Atlantic route is concerned experimental flights will begin again this spring when Port Botwood is free of ice and Hatties Camp Airport is fit for use.

Two specially designed De Havilland "Albatross" landplanes will be used for experimental mail-carrying flights. These four-engined monoplanes have a top speed of 222 m.p.h., an economical cruising speed of 204 m.p.h. at 11,000 ft., and a non-stop range of 3,300 miles.

As far as flying-boats are concerned a number of specially strengthened versions of the Short Empire boats have been built. These are adapted for fuelling in the air and will carry about 5½ tons over and above the all-up weight of 40,500 lb. of the standard Empire boat. The date of the commencement of their experimental flights will depend on the result of the refuelling trials being made during the winter.

In addition, new boats weighing about 25 per cent. more than the standard Empire types are now being built.

France, too, is going to make trial flights across the Atlantic during 1939 with a four-engined Farman landplane, which is to have a supercharged cabin so that it can be flown at great heights without discomfort to the passengers. At the same time France is preparing a big flying-boat which is to weigh 66 tons and have six engines developing 9,000 h.p. It will cruise at 200 m.p.h. and will have a range of 3,750 miles against a 37½ m.p.h. head wind. It will carry twenty passengers, mails and freight.

An interesting innovation in France is the use of a flying-scale model for doing preliminary tests of the design of a big machine. For tests of the design of a big six-engined boat to weigh 88,000 lb. loaded and to have a range of 5,000 miles a small scaled-down version of the machine has been built. This has six small engines of 40 h.p. each, and carries two persons. By this means the flying characteristics of the big machine will be learnt and much experimental flying will be possible without running to the expense of untried full-scale construction.

So much for the progress contemplated and achieved by England and France towards the conquest of the ocean crossings. In the United States much more spectacular developments are envisaged.

There the huge Boeing 314 flying-boat (illustrated in THE SPHERE of September 25, 1937), which weighs 82,500 lb. loaded, more than double the weight of the standard Empire boat, has almost completed its flying trials for Pan-American Airways. It can carry seventy-four passengers by day and forty in sleeping berths by night, plus a crew of eight. Its hold can accommodate 10,000 lb. of mail and freight, and, carrying forty passengers, its range is 4,000 miles. By no means satisfied that this huge machine is the last word in commercial flying-boats, Pan-American Airways last year called for tenders for the construction of flying-boats capable of carrying 100 passengers. A number of designs were submitted, among them one by the Boeing firm for a six-engined scaled-up version of the 314. Consolidated Aircraft also submitted a design for a 100-passenger monoplane of a gross weight of 168,000 lb. and a wing span of 194 ft. Maximum speed is to be 276 m.p.h. at an operating height of 20,000 ft.

These projects are by no means flights of fancy but serious designs made by prominent aircraft constructors at the request of one of the leading air transport concerns in the world. Nor are they the limit of the American conception of the big flying-boat of the future, for Consolidated Aircraft estimate that they could construct a 300-passenger machine at a gross weight of 400,000 lb. Such a boat powered by six engines of 2,000 h.p. each would cruise at 300 m.p.h. to a range of 5,000 miles. Such a machine would have to await the development of suitable engines.

All the developments mentioned above, though specially directed towards the Atlantic crossing, have their application elsewhere. Pan-American Airways will put the Boeing 314 boats into service on the San Francisco-New Zealand run as soon as they are ready, and three of the new strengthened versions of the Short Empire boats will be used for a service across the Tasman Sea between Sydney and Auckland which is to be started in February this year.

And so air transport marches on towards complete conquest of the world's ocean crossings, towards mastery of all weather conditions, and towards equality in safety with the ocean liner of to-day. Already the time is in sight when the great ocean shipping lines will be seriously challenged.

BRITAIN'S LATEST AIR LINER: The *Flamingo* in flight over the De Havilland aerodrome at Hatfield. She is a medium-sized machine carrying twelve to seventeen passengers at a cruising speed of 200 m.p.h.

A MAIDEN TRIP: Captain J. H. Cordes, the well-known test pilot, climbing into the cockpit of a Hampden bomber when about to take the machine up for testing prior to making out a report on its performance. The Handley Page organisation is now working up to peak production on these formidable, twin-engined machines which are manufactured at Cricklewood and tested on the flying field at Radlett, Herts. *On right*—One of the Hampdens coming to rest after completing a successful trial run

TESTING AN AERIAL BATTLESHIP

A Giant Handley Page Hampden Bomber Runs Its Trials on Completion at Radlett

CHINA'S VITAL BACKDOORS: HOW SHE BRINGS

CHINA'S BACKDOOR WAYS: A sketch map showing the northern entrance from Russia and the southern entrance from Burma, the two main routes by which China can bring in necessary war supplies now that her great ports are in the hands of the Japanese. In order to speed up communications the road surfaces have been immensely improved and so many alterations have been made, indeed, that entirely new maps will have to be drafted. In the central area of the west great mountain barriers are a natural bar to commerce

China, with her back to the wall and her busy seaboard entirely in Japan's possession, has of recent months faced economic strangulation at the hands of her persistent invaders, being unable to import arms and ammunition by sea to continue the bitter struggle. As the pictures and maps on these pages show, however, China is not without resources and, by means of her two backdoors in the north-west and south-west, she is being enabled to carry on. These are her old trade routes and, in their modernised form, they are serving her in good stead. The accompanying notes on the subject have been written for "The Sphere" by Violet Cressy-Marcks, the celebrated woman traveller, whose recent record clearly evidences her knowledge of the terrain. In 1937 she journeyed overland from Mandalay to Peking and later went to Siberia, while in 1938 she travelled westwards to the Koko Nor.

OF the two main channels through which ammunition is brought (writes Miss Cressy-Marcks) one is the line from Russia through Urumchi (capital of Sinkiang) via Hami, Soochow, Lanchow, Sian (capital of Shensi). On this road there are thousands of Russian trucks; these trucks are very good and capable, but use too much petrol. On these trucks come light pursuit planes and big tri-motor bombers and artillery, also vast quantities of petrol. This road is the most important road at the moment in the whole of the Far East.

The Japanese have made raids at Lanchow, but had not when I left succeeded in bombing the roads and mountains; this was very difficult, operating as they were at a great distance from their aircraft-carriers and bases. Even if the road were destroyed, the new road which is being built by thousands of human beings is going still farther west and would miss out Lanchow and Sian, connecting up Szechuan. So that, in my opinion, if the war lasts another two or even three years the Japanese could certainly not gain possession of this road.

The Ling Hai Railway, which was originally intended to go from Lanchow to Haichow on the coast, has in the last two years been projected as far as Sian, and it takes two to five days or longer to go by motor to Lanchow. Although the Japanese have been along the Yellow River, trains for troops and passengers are still going from Sian eastwards, although it is sometimes a slow and somewhat precarious journey. I travelled over this line and it had its moments of interest. Leaving Sian, one crept slowly and as softly as one could past Chengchow, which, when I was there, was very badly bombed with great loss of life, through Kaifeng, where there is the 72nd Military Hospital, which I looked over; it is now occupied by

A TORTUOUS TRACK THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS: The road that runs through the frontier region between French Indo-China and South China

NOW IN JAPANESE HANDS:

The Tsien-tang River, which enters the East China Sea at Hangchow and waters the province of Chekiang, which has been occupied by the invaders. The pine trees and the houses perched on the bluff make a picturesque sight

ALONG AN OLD TRAIL IN KWANGSI:

IN HER WAR SUPPLIES

The Southern Entrances—I

With Her Great Ports in the Hands of Japan, China has no Option but to Look Westward to the Old Trade Routes

A ROAD VITAL TO CHINA'S FUTURE: A glimpse of the new highway which has been built by the Chinese during the present war in order to link Burma with Yunnan, Chungking on the Yangtse (by means of a side road branching off at Kwei-yang) and Changsha, a city on the Hankow-Canton railroad and, as such, a key city in the present Sino-Japanese struggle. At the point pictured here the track is tortuous and lorries must go with care

A JUNK FLOTILLA passing along a river in China's south-western province of Kweichow which is the scene of much activity now that China's forces have been pushed west

Japanese, and this is where the badly wounded coming from the east were taken off before going to other military general hospitals away from the battlefields; when the line continued to Soochow, the wounded were entrained during China's great fight there. From the battlefields to the rail-way head it is the job of the peasants to carry the wounded, and this they do willingly from village to village on a stretcher. At the rail head all are well bandaged, their wounds dressed, and the necessary amputations take place; they are laid on straw in steel-bottomed

(Continued on next page)

On right—WATERING RICH KWANGSI: A glimpse of the Sikiang, which enters the sea at Canton—a city now in Japanese hands—but the upper reaches of which provide the Chinese army of Kwangsi with a very valuable river highway

This peasant with his load is just one of the many men who cross and re-cross the borderland between Indo-China and China proper, helping to provide China with her essential needs in this time of war when she has no outlet to the sea

A SOUTHERN CENTRE OF COMMERCE:

Shipping in the river port of Wuchow, Kwangsi province, which in pre-war days did a thriving trade with Canton, and was a clearing house for many provinces of the south

THROUGH CHIN

The Northern Entrances

OPENING UP KANSU: Men removing a tree trunk during road-building operations in this province of China's north-west, which to-day assumes a new and vital importance in view of the fact that Kansu lies directly on the route that runs from Soviet territory to central China and along which supplies of arms and ammunition are now being conveyed by lorry to aid China's armies. The fort in the background was constructed at a time when the Central Government was fighting Communism

IN THE GORGE COUNTRY of China's north-west such as this, and it is quite easy to appre

(Continued fro

MOTORING IN THE KOKO NOR: Omnibus passengers removing a tree from the main road which has been constructed in this north-western province of China by the enterprising Muhammadan Governor, General Ma Bu Fang, who, in doing so, has given China yet another valuable outlet to the west. *Below*—Carts crossing a ford on one of the new roads in Koko Nor, the westerly province which is sometimes known as Tsinghai

coaches in charge of a doctor, and they start their journey. At night the train, with all lights off and going dead slow, passes the dangerous places along the Yellow River. When the enemy obtain the range the train is speeded up and rushed through. On moonlight nights the trains usually do not run. During the daytime for hours and hours at a stretch one waits and waits to go a little farther, either for another train to go through or mostly for the rail to be repaired. On the days of progress often the train stops suddenly and the guard whistles and shouts out "Beware, Japanese upon us—take to the fields."

Sometimes the bombers do much damage and sometimes they only pass by. As soon as the whistle is blown again, back we all run to the train; one gets used to these quick exits from the train. I never saw any panic even when the bombers were in the air just above us dropping bombs. The newly-constructed road from Sian to Yenam (the capital of the Reds), 300 miles, can be motored in two to three days; it has been described by some as the worst road or track in the world. I do not think this is an accurate description—I know many worse in this world; it takes a quantity of traffic.

Very important, too, is the newly-constructed road from Sian to Lanchow, 350 miles, taking three to seven days, and the road from Lanchow to Sining, two days (with any luck), which until the last two months was a six-day mule journey from Lanchow. The road from Lanchow to Urumchi takes about nine days by lorry, goes in a north-west direction and is quite good as far as Soochow, being from there a five-day motor ride. From Soochow to Hami the surface is not yet finished and from Hami to Urumchi it is quite good. From Urumchi to the Soviet frontier takes three to four days by lorry.

From Urumchi it is quite easy to get to any part of Russia. In the Tsinghai province in China there are a number of roads being constructed by the powerful Muhammadan Governor, General Ma Bu Fang, and in another nine months it will be quite possible, even in

LAND AND WATER TRANSPORT ON THE UPPER REACHES O of the accompanying article, riding in a Peiping cart, and (*righ*

A'S BACKDOORS—II
and the Link with Siberia

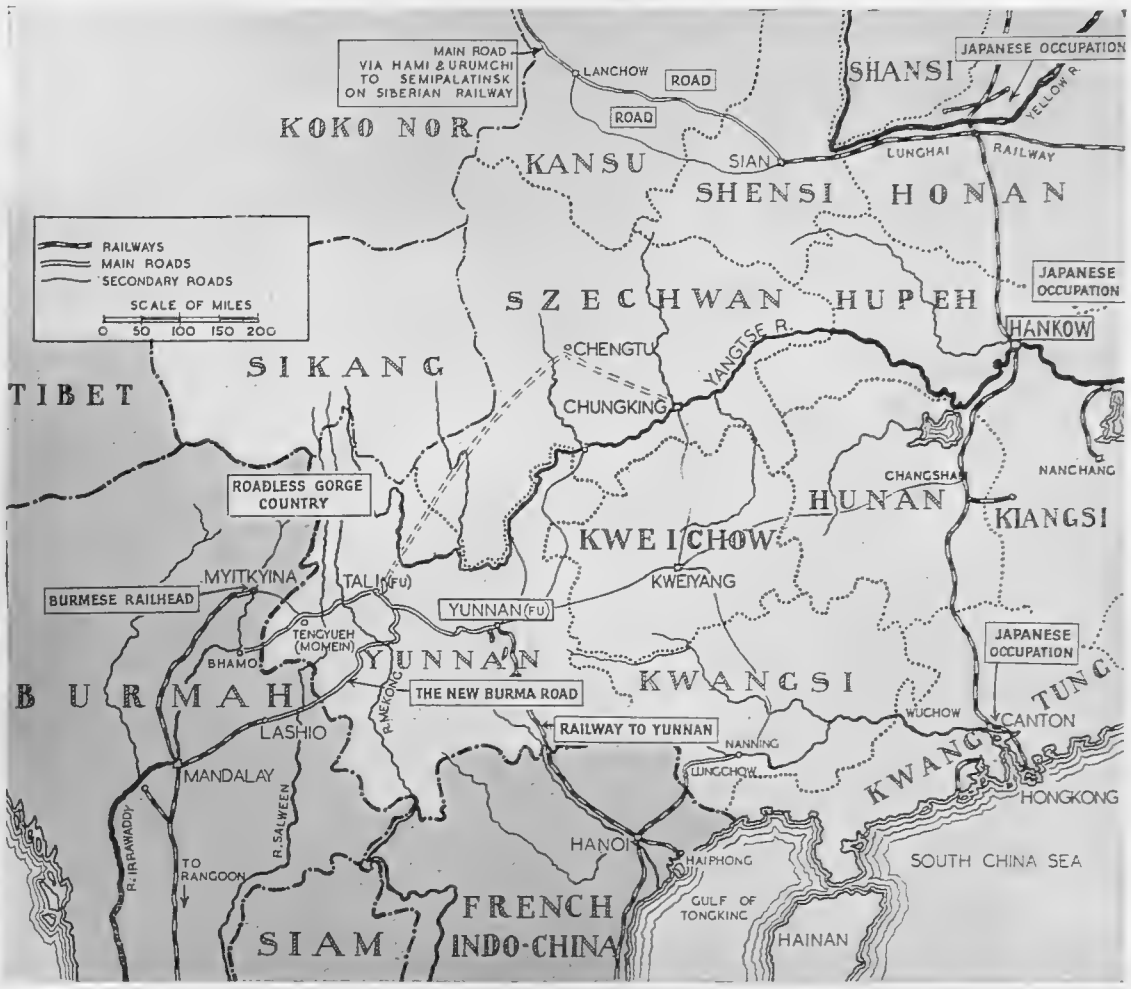
the road-builder is frequently faced with mighty obstacles
ate the immensity of his difficulties in such circumstances

previous page)

the remotest parts of far Tsinghai province, to motor in every direction. Men, women and children are in large labour camps on thousands of miles of would-be roads, cutting earth, breaking stones and carrying, and the road is now under construction to Lhassa. Even now numbers of Indian subjects are coming into this western part of China through Tibet, which opens up new possibilities. Last but not least of these new roads which one day will have influence in the making of a new Asia, and which amazed me perhaps most, because it was so completely unexpected, was the new Lhassa road. I was journeying along with my mules returning from Tibet on a good yak and mule caravan route, when I saw a motor car, the driver of which gave me a lift to Tangar. I never remember unloading more quickly. When I met this gallant car and its owner trying out the road, I do not know which of us was the more amazed at seeing each other. Two Europeans meeting unexpectedly in thousands of miles of wild country is pleasant. I was very tired; had passed Lake Koko Nor the day before and after about ten hours continuous marching from my last camp I met this car. This lift and the newly-made roads in Tsinghai enabled me to create a record on returning from Lake Koko Nor to the railhead at Sian. I took seven days only as against fifteen days of the last European traveller to those parts.

One cannot but be amazed at the rapidity with which these sometimes first-class roads are constructed. I travelled last year by mule caravan from the Irrawaddy River in Burma to Yunnan in China and met the new Burma road a few miles from Tali Lake, which continues to Yunnan, now called Kuming, and has now been projected farther west, though not running through Tengueh where we have a British Consulate, and is not on the old mule caravan route.

Thus China moves as ever slowly but nevertheless surely westwards.



CHINA'S BACKDOORS: A sketch map of the north-west and south-west showing the chief points at which arms, ammunition and other essential war-time supplies can be brought into the country now that the great ports of the eastern seaboard are in Japanese hands. In the north-west a much-improved road runs from the railhead at Sian through Kansu to Semipalatinsk on the Siberian Railway—an admirably direct route—while in the south-west a fine new highway runs from Burma into Yunnan. French Indo-China, it will be seen, also connects with Yunnan by rail

A CAMP IN THE KOKO NOR: A scene in a trackless part of China's most remote province which is being given a magnificent highway system. *Below*—A Russian truck on the main road joining Sian (railhead in the Chinese province of Shensi) with Semipalatinsk (terminus on the Siberian Railway which links with the Soviet industrial cities)

THE YELLOW RIVER: *Left*—Violet Cressy-Marcks, the author about to cross the river on a raft constructed of sheepskins

A MOMENT HE WILL NEVER FORGET: A young Sea Cadet meets Admiral Sir Edward Evans, hero of the *Broke* engagement during the great war and Antarctic explorer, at a Navy League gathering held in Trafalgar Square on Trafalgar Day

YOUTH ANSWERS THE CALL of the SEA

The Work of Britain's Sea Cadet Corps

By NOEL THOMPSON

AS Lord Nuffield, now on his way to Australia and South Africa, walks the deck of his liner, it is quite likely that he will pass a smart young seaman. If he pauses for a moment and asks, "Were you in the Sea Cadet Corps?" and receives an affirmative answer he will be entitled to smile happily to himself.

He will know that the chances are that this efficient sailor was born into a poor home; that at the age of twelve or over he developed a love of the sea, heard of the Sea Cadets and paid a penny a week—or nothing if his finances were so restricted—in order to learn the tradition of the sea. Those square shoulders were once narrow and bent; the firm muscles were once flabby and soft. Lord Nuffield would notice these things with satisfaction, for he watches the Sea Cadets carefully, so carefully in fact that he presented the movement with £50,000 as a sign of his approval.

But first I must tell you about the parent body, the Navy League, of which Lord Lloyd is the very active president. It was he who arranged that I should get any information I wanted; and within ten minutes of my arrival at the League's headquarters in Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, he was on the telephone to make sure everything was all right.

I remember buying flags to swell the League's funds, but beyond knowing that it was a thoroughly patriotic body I was vague as to its objects. Well, now I know, and I wish I had been more generous!

In brief its aims and objects are to ensure the safety and security of the Empire by strong sea power; to impress on the Government the importance of an adequate Navy and Merchant Service; to emphasise the need to protect ocean trade routes; to secure an Air arm of real strength—an object which was attained a fortnight ago; and to call attention to the high prestige which the presence of British ships engenders throughout the world.

These few figures are worth consideration. There are 49,000,000 Britons, and in the Empire 493,370,000 subjects largely dependent on the strength of our Navy.

Every year £1,200,000,000 worth of trade is sea-borne. Every day 50,000 tons of our food and 110,000 tons of our merchandise is being delivered. There are every day at sea 1,850 ocean-going ships, and 1,650 coastal ships to be protected. And the trade routes to be guarded amount to the huge figure of 105,000 miles.

With the help of Commander H. T. Bishop, I have been delving into the history of this patriotic league. Its origin was laughably British, an anonymous letter to *The Times* in 1894! Whoever the writer of the letter was—he signed himself "Civis"—he certainly started a good work. He called for the very objects for which the League now stands. Not long afterwards Professor Spenser Wilkinson wrote a series of articles in the old *Pall Mall Gazette*, and that set the ball rolling.

"Four Average Englishmen" in a letter said that fired with imagination and love of their country they were going to found a Navy League. I have managed to trace the names, but very little else, of these anonymous patriots. They were Messrs. H. Lafone, W. L. Ainslie, A. W. Lafone, and E. Neild Shackle. Forty-four years ago, almost to this very day, on January 17, 1895, the League was formed. One would have thought that it would have received universal welcome, but it was not so. The press thought it too interfering (!) and presumptuous; even a Lord Mayor of London protested against it. There were, it appeared, too many leagues and societies poking their noses into things. Nevertheless, on October 21, 1895, the few members laid a wreath on Nelson's column, and that started a storm. (Incidentally, last year's was the biggest parade ever held. Over seventy wreaths were laid.)

Bernard Shaw said that the column ought to be pulled down. The French newspapers were vitriolic. *Le Jour* talked about "the nation of shopkeepers" and said that Nelson was a *canaille*. We could keep our victories of Agincourt and Crecy, it was pronounced, "we French, if we celebrated our victories should be at work all the year round." In these days of our close co-operation on the sea that is rather ironical.

One last word, before returning to the Sea Cadets, about the parent body. Widows and dependants and children of men who fell during the war fighting in the Navy, or serving in the Merchant Service or the Auxiliary Services have benefited in grants and pensions to the extent of £497,392.

I like the method employed. The children never knew that the Navy League was helping to send them to schools which their fathers, if they had lived, could have afforded. And the grants were made on the basis of the salary the father, if he had lived, would have earned by promotion at the time they went to school.

With the passing of years that part of the work is almost over. But there are men in prominent positions who still do not know that the League helped them to get there.

It was in 1910 that the scattered bodies who independently were trying to imbue poor boys with the traditions of the Navy came under the wing of the Navy League and joined together. Probably the earliest sea cadet corps was started in the '80's in Whitstable, and General Gordon is credited with being the originator.

The numbers of the Sea Cadets are not large. It is a purely voluntary organisation, though the Government recognise it officially, and the Admiralty firmly approves. Financially, however, the Government give 3s. 6d. a year out of the cost of £3 a boy per year. The rest comes from donations, many from the large shipping companies who know the value of the boys trained by the corps, and some from the boys themselves. Their contribution is exactly what they can afford. It may be 2d. a week, it may be nothing.

Eighteen months ago there were about 3,000 Sea Cadets in thirty-three corps. It is great news that there are now over seventy corps and 6,000 cadets. It is Britain's voluntary reply to Hitler's compulsory youth training. With more money it could be developed. In

(*Continued on page* 68)

"... NEXT TO GODLINESS": Members of the Streatham and Mitcham Sea Cadet Corps engaged on their morning ablutions at a holiday camp. The boys pay an average of 2d. a week towards the cost of their keep at the camp

BUNK INSPECTION on the training ship *Stork* which lies in the tideway at Hammersmith and is helping with the good work of turning young boys into first-rate seamen and fine citizens

LONDON SEES THE COLOUR FILM OF "THE MIKADO"

A Special Section of "The Sphere" Showing Episodes From the Screen Version of the Famous Gilbert and Sullivan Opera

THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL

The butterfly daintiness of Peep-Bo (Kathleen Naylor), Yum-Yum (Jean Colin), and Pitti-Sing (Elizabeth Paynter) is one of the many delightful features of first film version of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, *The Mikado*. It was arranged that the picture, which is entirely in colour, should have its premiere this week at the Leicester Square Theatre, all the proceeds of the first presentation going to the Boy Scouts' Appeal Fund

TWO NEWCOMERS AND ONE OLD HAND

Jean Colin (Yum-Yum) and Kenny Baker (Nanki-Poo), both of whom are newcomers to Gilbert and Sullivan, make a romantic pair, while Martyn Green, who has so often portrayed Ko-Ko, the Lord High Executioner, on the stage, reveals that he has film sense in a high degree. The picture has been made at Pinewood studios

"THE MIKADO" FOR THE FIRST

Episodes from the Colour Film Square Theatre : Brilliant Setti

If you want to know who we are,
We are gentlemen of Japan :
On many a vase and jar—
On many a screen and fan,
We figure in lively paint :
Our attitude's queer and quaint—
You're wrong if you think it ain't,
oh !

If you
Like
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Above—"A MORE HUMANE MIKADO NEVER DID IN JAPAN EXIST": John Barclay gives a fine performance in the title role of the film which was scheduled to begin its London run this week at the Leicester Square Theatre

Below—THE MARCH OF THE MIKADO'S TROOPS: Nanki-Poo (Kenny Baker) in a colourful street scene in Titipu. The fact that colour photography has made such immense strides of late contributes largely to *The Mikado's* screen success

Braid the raven hair—
Weave the supple tress—
Deck the maiden fair
In her loveliness—
Paint the pretty face—
Dye the coral lip—
Emphasize the grace
Of her ladyship !
Art and nature, thus allied,
Go to make a pretty bride.

"SO, IN SPITE OF ALL TEMPTATION, SUCH A
AND ON NO CONSIDERATION WILL I KISS
Nanki-Poo (Kenny Baker) as he seizes his pal

Below—"ONE LITTLE MAID IS A BRIDE, YUM-
ATTENDANCE COME THREE LITTLE MAIDS IS
(Kathleen Nayler), Yum-Yum (Jean Colin) and Pat
last named is better known to Gilbert and Sullivan

ADO" SCREENED E FIRST TIME

Colour Film at the Leicester rilliant Settings and Costumes

If you think we are worked by strings,
Like a Japanese marionette,
You don't understand these things :
It is simply Court etiquette.
Perhaps you suppose this throng
Can't keep it up all day long?
If that's your idea, you're wrong,
oh!

TATION, SUCH A THEME I'LL NOT DISCUSS,
N WILL I KISS YOU FONDLY THUS," says
e salutes his beloved Yum-Yum (Jean Colin)

S A BRIDE, YUM-YUM—TWO LITTLE MAIDS IN
ITTLE MAIDS IS THE TOTAL SUM": Peep-Bo
n Colin) and Pitti-Sing (Elizabeth Paynter). The
Gilbert and Sullivan fans as Elizabeth Nickell-Lean

Above—"DEFER, DEFER, TO THE LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER": Martyn Green is no stranger to the part of Ko-Ko and in the film he is as striking a figure as ever. His green tunic and wine-coloured pantaloons make an effective combination

Below—"MIYA SAMA, MIYA SAMA, ON N'M-MA NO MAYE NI PIRA-PIRA SURU NO WA NAN GIA NA TOKO TONYARE TONYARE NA?": The dramatic entrance of the Mikado; another colourful moment in this colourful version of the opera

Sit with downcast eye—
Let it brim with dew—
Try if you can cry—
We will do so, too.
When you're summoned, start
Like a frightened roe—
Flutter, little heart,
Colour, come and go!
Modesty at marriage-tide
Well becomes a pretty bride!

ON THE STEPPES ONE DRINKS KISSLYSCHTSCHY...★

...WHEN ONE CAN'T GET

Schweppes

★ Kisslyschtschy is described by intrepid drinkers as "a beer like sweet wort or treacle beer" . . . which is probably helpful to anyone who knows his treacle beer. But lately there has been a marked swing-over, on the Steppes, to Schweppes, which not only tastes better but is easier to pronounce.

WHEREVER YOU ARE . . . THE BEST CLASS BAR SERVES Schweppes

A DECEMBER FEAST IN NEW MEXICO:

The People Commemorate Our Lady of Guadalupe, Protectress of the Indian

By NELSON SPRINGER

THE feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe is one of the oldest, and it is certainly the most important, in New Mexico; and yet it has scarcely been noticed. It is not native to New Mexico, and, although it is celebrated throughout Mexico and South America, in New Mexico it is celebrated only in the poverty-stricken Indian village of Tortugas, a few miles from the historic towns of Las Cruces and Mesilla. Its importance derives from the fact that Our Lady of Guadalupe is recognised as the protectress of the Indian. Its colour derives from the fact that, although the ceremonial dances are in honour of the Virgin Mary, they are purely Indian in character.

The obscurity which has enveloped the celebration is due in large part to the peculiar character of Las Cruces, which is one of the most self-sufficient communities I have ever visited. It would be impossible to pass through the doorway of a house in Las Cruces without entering upon a history. It is the home town of more important characters in the history of the wild west than one could begin to count. With a population of barely more than 6,000 people, it continues to occupy a commanding position in national affairs, an almost unparalleled situation in the United States. The descendants of the pioneers have developed a kind of elegant society, and they prefer elegance.

When I first made inquiry about the dances at Tortugas I was discouraged. I was told that "Tortugas is an eyesore." It struck me that the heir to a great fortune was being ashamed of the great-grandfather who "made the money."

The feast is celebrated on December 10, 11, and 12 of each year in honour of a miracle performed by the Virgin to establish herself as the patroness of the Indian. The miracle was performed on a wintry, windswept hillside, near the village of Guadalupe, not far from Mexico City, in 1531, after she had appeared to a simple shepherd, by the name of Juan Diego, and instructed him to go to Bishop Juan de Zummarraga, and tell him that she required him to build a chapel in her honour on the spot where she had appeared. The spot was the site of the ancient Aztec temple to the Mother of the Gods, and not far from the temple to the Goddess of the Waters.

The feast was brought to New Mexico by Indians in a northward movement who had heard of the curative powers of the waters at Radium Springs, not far from Tortugas and Las Cruces, a mineral bath which, according to pottery and implements dug up in its vicinity, has been in use for at least 1,000 years. The site of the springs was regarded by the Indians as sacred, and a party camped on its grounds was safe from attack, even by the ferocious Apaches.

On the long ago December day in question, the Virgin appeared to the shepherd lad, Juan Diego, and made her demand for a chapel; but it was only with considerable difficulty that the simple man gained admittance to the bishop. Even then, he met with a continuing scepticism; and the bishop told him to return to the Virgin and tell her that nothing would be done unless she furnished a sign.

When Diego left the episcopal palace, two servants were dispatched to watch him. They followed him for some distance when he suddenly vanished before their eyes. They did not understand that the reason they lost sight of him was that he was standing face to face with the Virgin, so they returned to the bishop with the tale that Diego had performed some kind of witchcraft.

The Virgin told Diego that she would furnish the desired sign if he would return to her the next day, and sent him home. When he reached home he found that his uncle was dying of fever, and he set out in haste to summon a priest to administer the last sacrament. In order to escape delay, he skirted the miraculous hill with the hope he would avoid an encounter with the Virgin. But suddenly he heard a voice asking him: "What road is this that thou takest?" The Virgin then again stood before him.

She then instructed him, although it was December, to ascend to the barren summit of the hill, and gather some roses and bring them to her. When Diego reached the summit, he discovered that it had been transformed into a beautiful rose

(*Continued on page 68*)

HERMITS *of the* ARCTIC:

Traders, Trappers, and Prospectors Who Choose to Live Lonely Lives in the Frozen North, Most of them Developing a Distinct Aversion to Civilisation

"The Arctic gets you."

YOU can find plenty of white men somewhere in Canada's far north, isolated from the outside world, practically hermits, and some of them living so remotely as to be hermits. Some of them see other white men once in a while. Some live year in year out at or near a fur post. Others like to be even farther away from their fellow-men. The loneliness of the Arctic has gripped them. They cannot stand too much company.

HE HAS NEVER SEEN A MOTOR CAR: Meet Charlie Lewin who landed in Alaska in 1904 and has remained in the Arctic ever since, making his living by gold-mining and trapping. He is a typical hermit of the Arctic

Most of these hermits of the Arctic are trappers. Fur is their livelihood, and in good years they trap from 1,000 to 2,000 pelts. When fur prices are good there is money to be made. In recent years fur prices have gone way down, and the lonely men who live in remote stretches of the northland have been able to get credit to a smaller amount at the trading stores for their catches.

Many of the trappers marry Indian or Eskimo women. The risk of living alone is too great. There are accidents and sicknesses. And besides, the native women are a help in getting fuel supply, dressing the skins, and can look after part of the trap-line.

There's John Firth, white-bearded patriarch of the Arctic. He came to the Canadian northland when he was nineteen, fresh from Scotland, to take a post with the Hudson Bay Company. That was in 1872. Add it up. He's been there sixty-six years. And once he thought he would like to see his native Scotland again.

With his Indian wife he started out, saying good-bye to all his children and grandchildren. By boat they came to Edmonton. There he saw his first automobiles, his first moving pictures, modern buildings. A modern train took him as far east as Winnipeg. It was necessary to wait there three hours before taking the Montreal-bound train, and so to the ocean liners sailing for Scotland. But John Firth never took that train to Montreal. He took the first train back to Edmonton, the first boat back to Fort McPherson. Not for the octogenarian was modern civilisation.

THE YORK BOATS OF CANADA'S NORTHLAND: Typical freighters on Great Bear Lake, round the shores of which is found rich radium-bearing ore

Charlie Lewin came out from Sweden as a sailor. His ship touched at Seattle, and there he said good-bye to her. He headed north on a freighter to Alaska. He would try his hand at gold-mining. He landed in Alaska in 1904. He worked here and there, made a bit of gold dust, moved on, gradually travelling eastward till he crossed into the Yukon. Then followed some more years of poking about for gold, ever eastward. Finally he landed on Coronation Gulf. By this time he had become a trapper. And at the mouth of the Rae river he has made his camp, has annually set his trap-lines. Each summer he goes into the trading post at Coppermine. The annual supply boats, and to-day the planes, bring him books. He lives by himself, reads voraciously, and once in a while flies on one of the freight planes to direct prospecting parties. But he has never come out of the Arctic. He has never seen an automobile except on paper.

A WHITE FOX IN A TRAP in the Baker Lake district of the Canadian North-West Territories

Another trapper who lives alone celebrates his Christmas by having a drink of orange juice, squeezed from frozen oranges imported months earlier.

Not all these hermit trappers are Nordics. While the inhabitants of the northern part of the world predominate, you'll hear about others. Recent police reports chronicle the death of a Syrian trapper who left all his accounts, letters, and papers in his native tongue, which no one in the Arctic knows. And up around Cape Bathurst on Amundsen Gulf you'll still hear about Jim Fiji, who disappeared from view in 1932 when he walked out over the sea ice.

Jim Fiji had been contracted for the Chicago World Exposition of 1893. When the show was over he went to San Francisco to sail back to his native land in the tropical climate of the South Seas. He walked on the wrong boat, and instead of going south, he sailed north. He landed in Alaska. He made the best of his fortune, and took a liking to this climate of ice and cold. Then he trapped his way to the Canadian Arctic coast.

A wealthy, independent man, with a family born to his Eskimo wife, this South Sea Islander decided some years ago to go back to his boyhood tropics. He reached Vancouver. It was too hot there. And Jim Fiji hiked back to Cape Bathurst as fast as he could go. Then when he felt he had seen enough of life he followed the custom of his adopted people, and walked out over the ice, never to be seen again.

HE CAN'T STAY AWAY FROM THE ARCTIC: This is Richard Finnie, who was born in the Yukon and prefers to spend his life in the north far away from civilisation

Modern young men are following in the footsteps of these older hermits of the Arctic. J. C. F. Dalziel is only twenty-seven, but he lives in the Arctic. He went there because he heard it was a country with a future. He remained. He comes into Fort Smith and other important fur posts a few times a year. Otherwise he is away trapping. And when he comes to the outposts of civilisation he flies. A modern flying trapper who likes the Arctic, but always has at hand a quick way to get back to the city, should he change his mind.

A few years ago the Mounted Police on their annual spring patrol of Baffin Island found the frozen body of Hector Pitchforth, called the loneliest man in the world. A veteran of the world war, he had been gassed and shell-shocked. He obtained a job with a small trading company. They shipped him off to remote Cape Kater on Baffin Island. They did not even supply him with a house. He had to find his own way of making living quarters and a shack for his trading store. Eskimos would come there to sell him furs for trade goods. Pitchforth liked the life.

Annually a supply ship came, a small steamer named *Rosy*. He took his supplies, put them in the hovel he had built from packing cases. He somehow stored his coal, for there there are no trees for firewood on Baffin Island. He picked all the driftwood he could find for miles about. And the years went on. He could have gone back to London on the *Rosy*. But he liked the Eskimos. He had found peace and contentment. But his eyesight was failing.

His company sent him a young man as assistant. Pitchforth sent him back. There was not room in his meagre dwelling for two. There was not enough business to warrant it, he explained. And his eyesight became worse. Next summer the *Rosy* did not show up. He never knew the company had failed. There were no more supplies,

(*Cont. on page 68*)

TWO MORE HERMITS: These young fur traders have a trading post at Dundas Harbour, Devon Island, the most northerly post in the eastern Arctic

FEMININE FASHIO EXHIBITION OF

LADY KATHRINE ERSKINE: This portrait by George Jamesone was painted in 1630, the details being typical of the fashion of the time. The black embroidered gown with its puffed and slashed sleeves shows intriguing peeps of the white satin lining beneath. The exaggerated shoulders display the collar to advantage

ANNE CAMPBELL, 2nd MARCHIONESS OF HUNTLY, by George Jamesone: A fashion of the 1620's. Here puffed ribboned sleeves, beautifully embroidered, show up very well against the short black oversleeve which covers the back of the shoulder and finishes just above the elbow

IN THIS PORTRAIT OF LADY PERTH AND HER DAUGHTER, Raeburn shows the mother dressed in the white muslin Empire fashion which crossed over from France to this country about 1796 and became exceedingly popular for a time. For several years Raeburn painted sitter after sitter in this simple, elegant style

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON Allan composed this showing Lady Hamilton the delightful negligé of and powdered hair is match the bow on her beneath the 'oversleeve. rule of immense lace period. Sir William and a white waistcoat pale blue. His first wife with whom he lived very her death in 1782. It met the famous Emma,

Some delightful portraits of both beautiful and beautifully-dressed ladies are to be found amongst the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century paintings in the Scottish Exhibition at Burlington House. It is amazing to contrast the styles of sleeves from one period to another—the puffed and bouffant sleeves of

MARY ANNE MELVILLE: In this picture by Allan Ramsay we see a print gown with a quite masterful treatment of the exquisite lace. Sleeves differ from those of Mrs. Montaqu in that a frill of lace is worn above the elbow, showing pink sleeve beneath, and the lace frills again below the sleeve. Tiny embroidered flowers in pastel shades can be observed partially concealed in the wealth of gathered lace

On right—
LADY MARY COKE: In striking contrast to its neighbours this painting by Allan Ramsay reveals all the elegant and decorated fashions so dear to the hearts of well-dressed ladies of 1758. The quaint little frilled bonnet and puffy sleeves add much to the charm of a delightful picture

NS AT THE R.A. SCOTTISH ART

AND HIS FIRST WIFE: David charming conversation-piece seated at a spinet clad in the 1770's. Her high-piled tied with a blue ribbon to gown. Long sleeves show an unusual exception to the frills that characterised this wears an elegant green coat delicately embroidered with was a Pembrokeshire heiress happily and uneventfully until was two years later that he whom he married in 1791

THE 1st MARCHIONESS OF LOTHIAN, LADY JEAN CAMPBELL, wears an oyster white cloak over her still brilliant turquoise-blue gown. A charming little painting by the hand of David Scougall, dated 1654. Scougall was a great favourite of James VI

ELIZABETH HENDERSON (LADY CLERK): John Scougall, Junr.'s painting of 1674 reveals the bouffant sleeve of that date, tied at intervals to form regular puffs. A large jet and pearl ornament holds the draperies of the gown. There is considerable difference in the arrangement of the hair in these two Scougall portraits. Lady Clerk wears formal curls low on the forehead

MRS. BRUCE OF ARNOT: One of Ramsay's many pink ladies. A fluted bow of pink ribbon at the elbow enhances the charm of the lace frills beneath. The lace fichu over the shoulders is painted with meticulous care

theseventeenth century are as opposite from the tight-fitting elbow-length ones of the eighteenth, with their rich frills of lace, as two styles could possibly be. Amongst the eighteenth-century styles a few outstanding examples of the exception that proves the rule make highly interesting contrasts.

On left—

MRS. MADAN: Ramsay's painting of 1745 shows a striking similarity to Rubens' famous painting of Helena Fourment, executed over a century earlier. The full white sleeves tied at the elbow and puffed into a pleated upturned cuff at the wrist stand out in most striking contrast to the black gown with its gold jewelled chain

MRS. MONTAGU: This delicate painting is typical in every detail of the style so dear to the heart of Allan Ramsay—a pink gown displaying layers of beautifully-laced ruffles at the elbow, a deep lace corsage, and a charming, dainty bunch of flowers, all details that appear from time to time on Ramsay's flowing canvases

The RISE *of the* HOUSE *of* GLUCKSBORG: How It Won the Thrones of Europe

AN HISTORIC ROYAL FAMILY GROUP IN THE PARK AT FREDENSBORG: The picture, which evidences the extraordinary way in which the Danish House of Glucksborg dominated Europe's thrones at the turn of the century, is reproduced from Hans Roger Madol's life of King Christian IX of Denmark, a biography that has just been issued by Messrs. Collins of Pall Mall. A list of the names in the group is printed in the right-hand column. The other pictures are also from Herr Madol's book

Left to right, in the background, standing: Cesarevitch Nicolas, Prince Charles (later King Haakon of Norway), Prince Nicolas, Princess Victoria, Prince Christian (later King Christian X), Crown Prince Frederick (later King Frederick VIII), Crown Princess Louisa, Crown Prince Constantine, Arch Duke Paul, Prince George, Queen Alexandra, Tsar Alexander III, King Christian IX, Prince Harold, Princess Maud, Princess Louisa. Between the Tsar and King Christian: Princess Marie of Greece and the Arch Duchess Xenia. Seated: Prince Andreas, the Tsarina, Arch Duchess Olga, Queen Louisa, King George, Queen Olga. Kneeling in front: Princess Thyra and Princess Ingeborg

IN modern times Scandinavia has represented to the world how peaceful can be the ways of democracy, and it is possible, indeed probable, that the lessons this group of northern nations has learned are lessons that have been largely taught by her kings and queens whose fine and consistent example cannot be gainsaid. Among those sovereigns the name of Christian IX of Denmark looms large, and it is a matter for gratification that Hans Roger Madol should have searched through hitherto unpublished documents and compiled a life of that monarch (publishers, Collins, Pall Mall; price 16s.), which does justice to the outstanding career of this man who came so unexpectedly to the throne and, after weathering the storms of misunderstanding, at length won the respect and affection of his whole people.

Christian IX began his life modestly enough, it being said, indeed, that as a young army officer he even gave riding and dancing lessons to eke out his pay. None then would surely have dreamed that one day his children would occupy the thrones of England, Russia, Greece, and Norway, earning him the name of "Father-in-law of Europe." So it was, however, and thus the modest, little-known Royal House of Glucksborg, junior branch of the House of Schleswig-Holstein, won by peaceful means a unique position in Europe.

The book is full of good stories, giving particularly interesting glimpses of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, whose mother, we are told, refused an English prince as suitor for her daughter Thyra with the words: "I will not hand over another daughter of mine to the maltreatment of Queen Victoria."

DENMARK'S ROYAL LADIES: Queen Louisa of Denmark (second from right), consort of King Christian IX, with her daughters, Princess Dagmar (second from left), who married Tsar Alexander III, and Princess Thyra (right), who married the Duke of Cumberland

THE PRINCE WHO MARRIED THE SEA KING'S DAUGHTER: The Prince of Wales (later Edward VII) with his bride, Princess Alexandra of Denmark, on their wedding day. This union was one of the several that in the nineteenth century gave lustre to the House of Glucksborg

KING FREDERICK VII OF DENMARK (1808-1863): This monarch bore a quite remarkable resemblance to King Edward VII of England

THREE ILL-STARRED PRINCES: A group taken in 1887. Crown Prince Constantine of Greece (left), who died in exile; the Cesarevitch Nicolas, later Tsar Nicolas II (centre), who was murdered in Siberia in 1917; and the Duke of Clarence (right), who died young

DARTFORD BUILDS A PALACE *of* POWER

Another Vast Generating Station Beside the Thames

TO SUPPLY SOUTH-EASTERN ENGLAND: A general view of the new power station which is now nearing completion beside the Thames at Dartford, Kent, at a cost of £5,000,000. It stands quite near the new Dartford Tunnel which is to link the Kent and Essex shores, and it is in a neighbourhood where the population is now increasing

On right—
DOMINATING THAMESSIDE: Another view of the new Dartford station from which the Kent Electric Power Company will draw its supplies

REQUIRING NERVE: A steeplejack ascending one of the 325-ft. chimneys of the Dartford Power Station, and (*on left*) the upper portion of the chimney. A.R.P. authorities are afraid that the chimneys would offer an easy target for enemy bombers flying up the valley of the Thames. Lots Road, Battersea, and Barking provide equally easy marks

WHIRLING ROUND AT THE WINDMILL :
Teddy Haskell partners agile Audrey Champion in the "Ballroom of the World," a bright item from *Revudeville 114* at the Windmill, where this intimate little show provides a first-rate attraction for theatregoers in search of light and definitely bright entertainment

"MARCO MILLIONS": A BRI

Eugene O'Neill's Ambitious Finds Favour at the Westmin Why does Hollywood Give Ballet in

Reviewed by

THIS is not the season for the production of serious drama, so Eugene O'Neill's *Marco Millions* at the Westminster stands out among a mass of pantomimes and children's (and, some of them, merely childish) plays, though not mainly for that reason. The film-world having made a complete mess of *Marco Polo* and having evolved at the same time a film of exceptional tedium and inanity, the theatre has used the same subject for something not far short of a masterpiece.

Programme notes are seldom intelligent or even intelligible, but that at the Westminster is both, and admirably explains the position: "O'Neill's importance in the modern theatre lies not only in the fact that he has all the equipment of a skilful dramatist, but that he is continually dissatisfied with the limitations of the theatre. He is always reaching out towards ways of expressing things which have not before been expressed in theatrical terms. Without such questing spirits theatrical art would surely die. O'Neill's weakness is, perhaps, that instead of developing his experiments through a number of plays till he has reached the mastery of a particular form, he is content to try everything once, so it is rare that any play attains the perfection, in its own medium, that *Mourning Becomes Electra*, for instance, achieves.

"*Marco Millions* is at the same time one of his most ambitious, and his lightest, experiments. Lightest in that his theme is mainly satirical, Marco being presented out of his period, as the epitome of all that modern American business believes a man should be. The play is none the less very ambitious in its attempt to combine this broad satirical comedy with a poetical presentation of the beauty, philosophical wisdom, and essential sanity of the thirteenth-century Mongolian Empire."

So there you have it all in a rather large nutshell. I suspect the writer to be Mr. J. B. Priestley, who is concerned in the Westminster enterprise (and was watching the first performance with Mr. Basil Dean, who is producing his next play, '*Johnson over Jordan*). Besides, Mr. Priestley has also shown himself as a reacher out "towards ways of expressing things which have not before been expressed in theatrical terms," and is in very truth a "questing spirit" in the theatre.

Mr. O'Neill has, I think, been a little hard on the modern American business spirit and he has certainly idealised his Mongols. The eternal wisdom and serenity of the East is apt to be taken too much for granted by most people simply because Orientals have an air of bland dignity about them. That air can and does conceal other and less attractive things than profundity of thought, and I suspect that the Mongolian Empire of the thirteenth century had other features than "subtle, philosophic wisdom, and essential sanity."

There was probably almost as much filth, stupidity, and devilish cruelty in the thirteenth century between Moscow and Vladivostok (including both those spots) as there is to-day. But this does not alter the fact that the contrast is theatrically effective Mr. O'Neill's not very heroic hero is not, of course, the Marco Polo of history, nor is he intended to be. He is a bright young American business-man of 1939—and the species is found in England also. He is devoid of culture, of romance, of subtlety of thought, of any appreciation of the beautiful, of a sense of humour and of philosophical poise. On the other hand, he is not, although a vulgarian, by any means unlovable. He is a wind-bag, but he backs up his wind-baggery with action in plenty. He is a greedy grasper of money, but he is not ungenerous with it. He is kind, a born boss but an efficient one, and he is honest. The type can be vastly irritating; but the world is the richer for its presence, and not solely in the financial sense.

Marco's vulgarity, denseness in matters appertaining to the Soul, and superficiality were made to appear amusingly trivial before the Oriental potentate and his pet philosopher (Mr. Robert Harris and Mr. George Howe—both excellent). But I did not feel this pair were really so very wise, and the pet philosopher's lines were often tame. It was, as Marie Lloyd (also a bit of a philosopher) used to sing "not so much the things they said as the way they said 'em."

The pathetically dignified Princess (Miss Catharine Lacey) was a much more human figure and her remarks were far more to the point. The scene immediately after her death from a broken heart—Marco did not reject her love for him since he did not even have the gumption to realise that it

"Trade Winds" (Film).—Miss Joan Bennett is one of the unluckiest of film actresses. She has alluring beauty, an attractive voice, and she can act, for she has tragic powers, which possibly might not be suspected from her appearance, and as a comedienne she is first rate. But I have never seen her in a part which she can get her pretty teeth into; indeed, I have never seen her in any film which has not been considerably less than middling. A few weeks ago London had an opportunity of watching her attempts to put some fun into a rather dreary farcical comedy, in which she played a millionaire's

ELISABETH BERGNER RETURNS TO
Life, and she is seen here in a
Redgrave. The film is to have i
and the proceeds from the fir
Baldwin Fund for Refugees. Tic
£10 10s. Michael Redgrave, wh
prize-winning picture, *The Lad*

A GOETHE CLASSIC FILMED: Annie Vernay in the role of Lotte in the recently completed screen version of *Werther*, a dramatic picture based on the well-known German play. Mlle Vernay is very popular with French audiences

LLIANT SATIRICAL COMEDY

and Successful Experiment ster: Unlucky Joan Bennett—Her Consistently Bad Parts? Pantomime

PHILIP PAGE

THE SCREEN in Paramount's *Sto.en* Alpine episode with her co-star, Michael premiere at the Plaza on January 18, performance will go to swell the Lord kets range in price from £3 3s. to did so well in Alfred Hitchcock's *Vanishes*, is much in demand these days

daughter who, for some odd reason, joined a troupe of American dancers stranded in Paris.

I have just seen her at the London Pavilion in *Trade Winds*, which is, I suppose, intended to be a tragedy. Anyway, she shoots, or is supposed to shoot, a man who had killed her sister. She becomes a fugitive from justice, dyes her blonde hair black (or puts on a wig—on such matters I am no expert), and is pursued all over the Pacific by a detective.

She falls in love with the detective, played by a dull actor—duller even than the film—whose name I forget. What I remember about him is that never once did he change the tone of his voice or his facial expression.

Poor little Miss Joan!

This film was followed by an "educational" affair in which Mr. Joe Kinder played a barman with true grasp of character and the dignity of a Henry Irving. It was all about slate quarries and how the slates are shaped and measured and finally made into the tops of billiard tables. Thrills were possibly lacking—you can't do much with slates except write on them, make a roof out of them, or, it seems, play billiards on them. But compared with *Trade Winds*, it was a tense human drama.

Ballet at the "Wells."—There is plenty of ballet about at Christmas-time, for the pantomimes supply it in vast quantities. Quantity is possibly the word rather than quality. A pantomime ballet usually occurs at the end of the first part of the show, costs a great deal of money in costumes, and involves much acrobatic nudity—young women with precious little on are thrown from one muscular male to the other until one gasps at the pluck and endurance of it. It is also on a big scale, with far more people taking part in it than in the productions of Massine or De Basil. Indeed, the ballet is usually the part of the pantomime in which "the whole strength of the company positively appears" (with the exception of the comedians, who retire for rest and well-earned refreshment).

It is all great fun, but not particularly artistic and does not pretend to be. Hundreds of electric lights glimmer in the scenery as the curtain falls to "oohs" of joy from children of all ages. I do not know what the late Serge Diaghileff would have said about it all, nor does it matter much what he would have said.

However, London is not quite without ballet of the more subtle and less boisterous type, and Sadler's Wells supplies it. The other night I watched a revival of the famous Schumann ballet, *Carnaval*, and if I was not made to forget the exquisite art of Karsavina, a kid of about sixteen, Miss Farron, did very well in her part, and Pierrot, Eusebius and others of the gang were well up to standard.

Newer ballets were the quaint *Façade*, which is certainly comic, and intended to be comic, though hardly worthy of the number and force of those yelps of laughter coming from an exceptionally youthful audience. Mr. Constant Lambert's music for another modern production, *Horoscope*, is by far the best part of it, with Miss Margot Fonteyn's dancing almost a dead-heat. *The Judgement of Paris* is rather a trivial little affair and hardly lives up to its grandiose title.

PITY THE POOR CRIMINAL!

This is the theme of *Number Six*, the new mystery play based on a novel by Edgar Wallace and now running at the Aldwych. Franklyn Dyall (right) plays the part of Cæsar Valentine, a master criminal whose plans have diabolical grandeur and ruthlessness but, being almost entirely surrounded by police, he never has a hope of putting them into practice; hence Wallace's moral that he is essentially an object of pity. Gordon Harker (left) has the familiar part of a Cockney with social aspirations, providing entertainment in full measure

STILL IN THE FOREFRONT OF AMERICA'S STARS: Shirley Temple who, although she is growing too fast for Hollywood's liking, is entering upon a year of intense activity. Her box-office record is quite phenomenal

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ROUND THE HOLIDAY SHOWS.—The following are some extracts from recent reviews of current shows by THE SPHERE's dramatic critic, Philip Page:

"Babes in the Wood" (Drury Lane): Picture a comely principal boy, with a good voice, surrounded by stalwart men, also with good voices, singing olde-worlde songes with immense gusto. Imagine a comedian, fantastically attired, getting on intimate terms with the audience and saying of, or to, one member of it, "That man's looking at me through race-glasses. He seems to think I'm a horse." Later the comedian gets even more intimate, and after singing a verse of a boring ballad about a spreading chestnut tree, pleads to the audience to sing it with him, and they actually do. There you have some of the chief features of *Babes in the Wood* at Drury Lane, which is a good pantomime and likely to run until long after the children have been packed off to school again.

"Queen of Hearts" (Lyceum): There is a singular unanimity of thought and effort among the producers of pantomime. Differences between the Lane and the Lyceum are that the latter's "dame," Mr. Clarkson Rose (very funny indeed as a music-hall comedienne of the '90's), is more flamboyant in style than Mr. Melvin; that the knock-about brothers are called O'Gorman instead of Chevalier; that the principal boy does not sing quite so well as Miss Compton does; and that the story is, for pantomime purposes, rather a better one. Both shows have a long stretch of ballet, that at the Lyceum being longer, but the clothing of the two chief dancers more scanty. I do not remember seeing a man and a woman wear less on any English stage than this acrobatic couple.

"Peter Pan" (Palladium): At the risk of uttering blasphemy, I must confess that as a play *Peter Pan* has bored and exasperated me always, and matters are not improved—or are they?—when many of the lines are inaudible, as they were at the first performance of this revival. Sir Seymour Hicks' fine voice rang out, and Peter (Miss Nova Pilbeam) and Wendy (Miss Pamela Standish) and a few others must be held blameless. But much of the play was kept a strict secret.

"Charley's Aunt" (Haymarket): The late Brandon Thomas's world-famous farce wears better than most that are a quarter of its age, and in the august Haymarket I found it raising plenty of laughter. That the machinery creaks a bit with age does not alter the essential fun.

THE BOWL BERET and the CHIMNEY-POT CROWN

Navy and White for the Spring

Gros-grain for the first fine days, when winter is passing but it is still cold enough for a fur coat to be luxurious. Blue gros-grain, with a white band across the crown and set, diamond-shaped, beneath the bowl-shaped brim.

The coat is of bronze Alaska seal, with imposing shoulders and sleeves that are full to the elbow. It is a swing coat, and the fur is handled with as sure a sense of drama as if it were cloth.

The newest hat line for the spring. The crown is high, like the beginning of a chimney-pot. The brim sweeps upward in a debonair curve. And the whole thing is so tiny that it is perched forward on the brow, leaving the whole of the back of the head uncovered.

This model is in black picot straw trimmed with satin ribbon, and with the other hats and the fur coats on this page it comes from Harrods, of Knightsbridge.

For race-meetings, for motoring, for wearing in the country, an ocelot coat, falling full from the fitted shoulders, which are emphasised by the raglan sleeves. It has the merest apology for a collar, it fits snugly at the wrists, it is young, it is light, and it wears wonderfully.

The high-brimmed hat is of brown felt banded with ocelot, and it sits well down on the head so that the hair is kept neat.

WHAT BRITAIN'S PRESS THINKS OF SCOTTISH ART

Some Extracts from Current Criticisms of the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition at Burlington House

SUCH an unusual show as that at present in progress in the familiar rooms of Burlington House was bound from the outset to produce some very varied criticism. A foreign exhibition with established masters is one thing; it is quite another to have a member of the family, as it were, suddenly staging a show which, by reason of its many unexpected features, makes the Sassenach visitor rub his eyes. This exhibition is, indeed, full of surprises,and it is certainly illuminating to learn the reaction to them as contained in the following outstanding passages from current criticisms.

"The Times": "Scottish art must take a higher place than had been supposed. . . . It can only be understood in relation to the history of Scotland. . . . Firmly based in national character and history . . . the most orderly exhibition of its size that we have ever seen . . . nineteenth century the Scottish school of painting was mainly a school of portraiture . . . painting is at its best when it is most deeply concerned with subject interest . . . much on natural phenomena, the fall of light in particular, for constructive purposes with his breadth of handling . . . Allan Ramsay. He was a truly exquisite painter."

"Evening Standard": "I came out of the exhibition feeling like a man who has eaten too good a dinner. Every course was excellent; the cumulative effect was torpor . . . it is a safe bet that not one person in a hundred has ever heard of Andrew Geddes. I had not heard of him myself till I stood before this portrait of his mother . . . when he paints children, this seems to be that very cloud of glory that Wordsworth supposed them to trail from 'Heaven that is our home.' . . . I prefer the groups of children to this study of a solitary child. Childhood is gregarious, and the little gang called 'The Macdonald Children' catches beautifully the joy of children in one another's company."

"Sunday Times": "Am I wrong in detecting just the least hint of defiance in the launching of a Scottish exhibition at Burlington House this winter? . . . We can, if we like, put up a resistance to them on nationalist lines, pairing off our own men against theirs . . . but, having done that, they still have a residue left over. . . . It is an exhibition that aims at completeness rather than quality. . . . The exhibition has its high spots, for which one cannot be sufficiently grateful, but it also contains passages which may be of historical interest to a Scotsman, but whose æsthetic interest to a Sassenach is negligible. . . . I have to confess that I would rather have the smaller room of portraits by Allan Ramsay. . . . And Ramsay's delicious handling of paint, daintier than Hogarth's, more stylish than Nattier's, is one of the joys of the exhibition."

"The Observer": "It reveals Scottish art not as much greater than we might have anticipated but as very much more interesting and with a character quite its own . . . while the clear cut 'Still Life,' by James Hamilton (b. 1640), is at once the earliest but also the most striking painting of its kind in the whole exhibition. . . . The chief characteristics of Scottish painting are national, a strong sense of human character, a sobriety of expression, restraint, yet like the language an inherent feeling for colour. This is accompanied by an independence of character, Scottish art being by no means an off-shoot of British. . . . Among the water colours Crawhall remains one of the mysteries of art, and here is the opportunity of seeing a fine group of his works."

"The Daily Telegraph": "The brilliant winters of Burlington House are memorably continued in this year's Exhibition of Scottish Art. To a greater extent than some of the earlier ones, it invites to a voyage of discovery. . . . The great Scottish painters must in future receive a larger share in the survey of European masters. . . . David Scott, who died at the age of forty-three in 1849, neglected and disappointed. Still little known, he is the exhibition's discovery. . . . The main course of the exhibition illustrates in an unbroken line three centuries of the country's art."

"The Daily Express": "The only kilt at the private view yesterday of the Scottish Art Exhibition, at the Royal Academy, was in a frame. . . . The only Glengarry present was a satin one with a bunch of ospreys in it."

"The Daily Herald": "With my fellow critics I tramped through the sixteen galleries of this exhibition in search of art, the words of an old hymn came back to me:

'Through the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,'

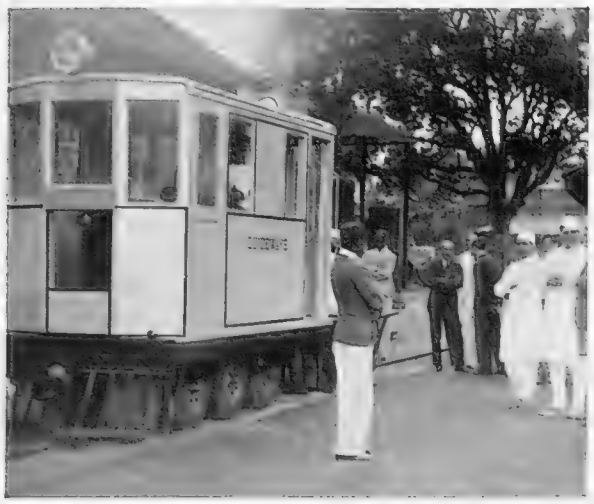
. . . There is so much doubt and sorrow in these pictures—sorrow expressed in the sunless gloom which deadens nine out of ten canvases, prim and modest doubt as to the precise nature of the male and female form. The promised land finally arrives in the Raeburn Gallery, where the spider of Scottish art, having tried and tried again, does at last succeed in covering the walls with distinctive patterns."

"The Rest is Silence" as most of the other London journals made little or no reference to the exhibition.

A considerable number of the critics lit upon individual pictures which were to them the discoveries of the exhibition. David Scott is certainly an astonishment. One envisages with difficulty Edinburgh trooping to the private view of an exhibition of his works. But here they are on the walls of the Royal Academy. Repeated visits to Burlington House will prove that there is a wealth of material for study from a number of angles and THE SPHERE will continue to illustrate the outstanding aspects of the exhibition in subsequent numbers.

FITTING THE "REPULSE" FOR ROYAL TOUR: Men engaged in installing extra cabins on board the 32,000-ton battle-cruiser *Repulse*, which is now being fitted out at Portsmouth for the voyage of the King and Queen to Canada

EXCAVATING KENT'S CAVERN, TORQUAY: Remains of elephants, rhinocerotes, hyenas, bears, and other animals have been found in this cave which every year yields new secrets of life in England as it was 20,000 years ago



A CHEAP METHOD OF TRANSPORT: A picture from India showing the "Guideways" system of transport which consists of a single line bounded on either side by a concrete track which measures, in all, 3 ft. wide. On this track runs the 2 ft. gauge locomotive, guided by the centre line. The locomotive itself is 6 ft. wide. The main advantage of this system is the cheapness of its construction as the track is less than a quarter the width of a minimum motor road. It is an excellent means of communication in areas, particularly in India, where villages are far distant from each other and where there is not the traffic to warrant the building of broad roads

A CLOSE-UP OF THE "GUIDEWAYS" FEATURES: The guiding mechanism is situated on either side of the single rail which runs along the centre of the track. In "The Sphere" of August 4, 1938, there appeared illustrations of the "Strada Guidata," an Italian trackway employing the principle of the centre control rail, but in this case the guide ridge occurs only at bends in the trackway

REMODELLING A FAMOUS BRIDGE: Menai Bridge, connecting the Isle of Anglesey with the mainland, in course of reconstruction. The two narrow existing carriageways will be replaced by one thoroughfare 23 ft. wide with footpaths on either side. The cost will be about £250,000

THE ART OF BEING A PASSENGER

Bad Passengers are Frequently the Cause of Bad Driving

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. (Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

JOURNALISTS who write about motoring matters and motorists themselves frequently discuss whether a certain person is a good or a bad driver. Many opinions are expressed, some of them diametrically opposed, and many heated arguments can be heard. On the other hand, none of us ever seem to ask the question whether so-and-so is a good passenger. At first sight this may appear to be quite a frivolous matter, but when it is studied for a moment or two I think it will be realised that a driver's pleasure can be either augmented or diminished by the attitude of his passenger or passengers. There are some people I know whom I hope I shall never take in a car with me again, merely because they are thoroughly bad passengers.

You cannot foretell by looking at an individual whether he or she is going to be a good or bad companion in a car. There is the man, and frequently the woman, who literally causes damage. This type will pull themselves up from the seat by hanging on to a cigar lighter; will scratch the facia board with their shoes as they are getting in or out, or they will drop their lighted cigarettes on the carpet. Obviously, such companions are much better left in their own homes where they can do as much damage as they like. Next, perhaps, in order of unpleasantness is the passenger who knows the road very much better than the driver, who is possessed with marvellous eyes that can see round corners, that observe objects in the road which no one else can pick out, and who keeps up a complete stream of conversation about the various accidents that he has seen on that particular piece of road.

Then we have the fidgety passenger who very soon becomes bored with the journey and so yawns and keeps shifting his position every minute or two. Usually he or she is quite a good and experienced driver and becomes weary doing nothing. The talkative companion is also an individual I try to dodge. He, but more frequently she, continually converses on subjects which are only of the most trivial nature. There are many other kinds of unpleasant passengers but I have mentioned enough to support my statement that they do vary.

One of the finest devices to convert a bad into a good passenger is a wireless set, particularly if the controls are placed on the near side of the facia board and not in front of the driver. Most passengers can usually find something in the radio programme to interest them and so the driver is not called upon to entertain or to be entertained by the person beside him.

Talking of passengers, my opinion is that a person who drives a lot himself is generally a nuisance in a car if he is not behind the steering wheel. I am quite certain that the seasoned driver is nearly always nervous when someone else is in control. A passenger may be in a continuous state of fright without saying a word, but his condition can usually be detected by the floor board being strongly depressed every now and again.

In this connection I have often thought that one could have an appreciable amount of fun if a section of the floorboard in front of the passenger were hinged. Behind this hinged flap would be placed a small bladder and this in turn connected with a glass tube gauge on the dashboard by means of a pipe. The gauge might, of course, be of the usual type with a hand, and perhaps this would be better because it would not attract so much attention. Pressure on the hinged flap could then be recorded by the movement of a coloured liquid in the glass tube or by the rotating hand of a gauge. The greater the pressure on the flap the greater the movement of the coloured liquid or the hand. In other words, we should have a kind of "funkometer."

It is the fashion during some time in the month of January to look back at the past year and recall some of the things that have happened during the preceding twelve months. The world of motoring in the past year has been of greater interest than usual. For the first time in motoring history we have had the spectacle of two very seriously-minded drivers of international repute battling on the same venue, at the same time, for the most coveted speed record. It is exceedingly difficult to say which of the two performances was the better. Eyston returned with the prize in his pocket but, of course, it was not his first attempt, whereas in the case of Cobb, not only had he never before driven his monster Railton, but he had never driven at anything like the speed which he accomplished.

Anyway, we all give full credit to both of them and realise that their successes have done much to strengthen the reputation of Britain abroad. Then towards the latter part of the year we had Major Gardner going so fast in a small car that even he himself could not believe the timekeeper's figures. Many people consider that this record on an M.G. has done more to raise British prestige than any other British motoring effort during the past ten years. The fact that Major Gardner created his record in Germany makes the performance all the more interesting.

Motor racing in this country has been what I would call patchy during the past season. So far as competitors were concerned there were as many as in any other season and I think that on the whole the skill they showed was above the average. The popularity of racing from the spectators' angle was about the same as usual at the beginning of the year, but as the international crisis approached, the effect on the attendances at meetings was very marked, until the Germans came over to Donington after the Munich Agreement had been concluded. In the trials world the number of competitions increased to such an extent that, acting on hints given by the authorities, the R.A.C. and A.C.U. have had to curtail the number of permits to be issued during the present year.

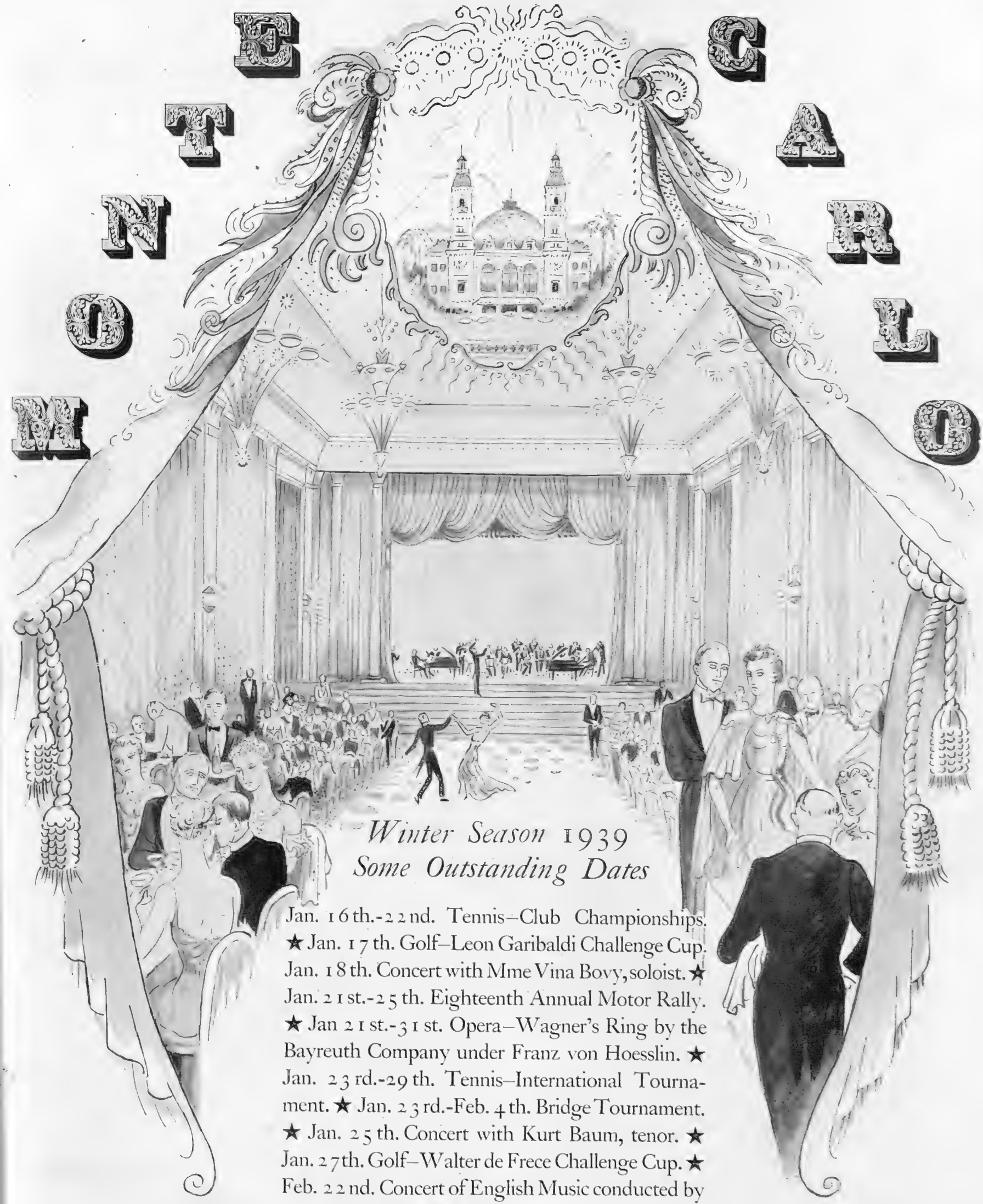
Apart from the attempts on the world's land speed record, activity in the record world has been very slight; in fact, I doubt if there have been fewer records broken in any year during the past ten than has been the case in 1938. On water and in the air Britain has been active and very successful.

WINTER'S MAGIC TOUCH: An Austin Ten in a Worcestershire lane transformed into a fairyland of white after one of the recent snowfalls

What of 1939? Although there are rumours that the Americans, Germans and Italians are building cars to beat Eyston's record I doubt very much if these attempts will mature. Whether Eyston improves on his present figures or not, I think that at the end of the year we shall hold the world's land speed record. I doubt, too, whether Sir Malcolm Campbell's water speed record will be beaten by a foreigner. As regards motor racing during the coming season I think attendances at meetings will depend on the state of the international position.

There has been much discussion in the sports world of motoring as to whether the British Government, the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders or one or other of the well-known car makers would sponsor the building of a British Grand Prix racing team. Much as all of us would like to see Mercedes and Auto-Unions matched by British cars I think we may be quite certain that nothing in this direction will happen. The crux of the whole matter is finance.

The argument is used that the success of the German racing cars, particularly in foreign countries, results in more German cars of standard design being sold. In fact, some people go so far as to say that the whole export trade of Germany is affected favourably by the successes of the German racing cars. Unfortunately, neither the British Government nor the S.M.M.T. appear to be convinced that such is the case, and as the financial burden involved is far too great for any one manufacturer to undertake, I am afraid that a team of British Grand Prix cars will not materialise for many a long day.



Winter Season 1939
Some Outstanding Dates

Jan. 16th.-22nd. Tennis–Club Championships. ★ Jan. 17th. Golf–Leon Garibaldi Challenge Cup. Jan. 18th. Concert with Mme Vina Bovy, soloist. ★ Jan. 21st.-25th. Eighteenth Annual Motor Rally. ★ Jan 21st.-31st. Opera–Wagner's Ring by the Bayreuth Company under Franz von Hoesslin. ★ Jan. 23rd.-29th. Tennis–International Tournament. ★ Jan. 23rd.-Feb. 4th. Bridge Tournament. ★ Jan. 25th. Concert with Kurt Baum, tenor. ★ Jan. 27th. Golf–Walter de Frece Challenge Cup. ★ Feb. 22nd. Concert of English Music conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. ★ April 1st. Ballet Season opens.

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YOUTH ANSWERS THE CALL OF THE SEA (Continued from page 52)

Manchester alone they are turning away fifty would-be Sea Cadets a week from lack of accommodation.

Lord Nuffield originally gave £50,000 if another £100,000 was raised. Then he saw the boys and gave the money unconditionally. Lord Wakefield, the Maharajah of Patiala, Messrs. Vickers, and Messrs. Morgan Grenfell gave £1,000, and so did an anonymous donor—curious how often anonymity crops up in connection with the Navy League.

Where does that money go? What do the Sea Cadets do? Well, a boy from the slums or poorer districts hears of the Sea Cadets. He may want eventually to go to sea—about 20 per cent. actually do—but he wants comradeship and fitness, and that is the most encouraging point—that boys between twelve and eighteen really do want fitness.

He goes to the local headquarters and finds there is room for him. First step is a physical examination. Doctors give their services free as honorary physicians. "Underdeveloped, a bit weedy, but he'll come on," is the usual verdict. "I'll keep an eye on him," and he does all the time.

So physical training in graduated stages comes first. Then discipline is instilled with some drill, a love of club life and fellowship, with football and cricket matches. In short, the boy begins to learn citizenship.

Next comes the first training in elementary seamanship, in signalling in morse and semaphore, and later, boat work. As I have said, only 20 per cent. actually go to sea, but the training is invaluable. And there is a reserve always being built up.

Incidentally, of those going to sea, or to training ships, the Sea Cadet records show that the boys are in every way usually between six months or a year ahead of their rivals in examinations.

There are, of course, the holiday camps, for which permanent sites are urgently needed. The Sea Cadets pay about 2d. a week towards the cost of 15s. a week, for a fortnight at camps on the Broads, in Wales, and on the N.E. coast.

Every year about eighty who really want to go to sea go to Shotley and see real Navy life. The Admiralty shows its interest by allowing cadets week-ends at sea in the fishery cruisers, and giving £50 as a grant for equipment to units which are efficient, and they insist on having a yearly inspection.

Naturally, there are flourishing branches in the Dominions, Australia and New Zealand, and affiliated corps in South Africa and Canada. The Crown Colonies have their corps, too. All British subjects of any colour or creed can, and do, join.

So what? Grand citizens are being trained; the Navy and the much-neglected Merchant Service can find ready-made material; and, though rescue work is not part of the Sea Cadet Corps' work, it is none the less inevitable.

There is the story of the young boy whose parents kept a brothel—but that is too long to tell and too unpleasant. In short, the boy is now embarked on a happy career.

And to end I must tell a story to show how the training helps. It happened only a few weeks ago and this is the first time it has been published.

It was in Gloucester. The Severn was in flood and two officers of the Sea Cadets determined to move their boat from its mooring to a place of greater safety in the canal. Several of the cadets offered to help them, but the officers decided the river was too dangerous, and the cadets remained on the bank. The officers started up the engine, and cast off, but made little headway against the flooded river. Then the propeller-shaft broke. The boat was swept downstream towards the rushing weir, uncontrollable. The cadets threw a rope, but it broke. Rushing upstream they unhitched the mooring rope, ran down the bank and got on to an iron bridge and, as a last hope of saving the boat and probably two lives, hitched it firmly, and then as the boat passed beneath, only 25 yards from the weir, dropped aboard down the rope and helped to make fast. It was quick thinking, thanks to training; the life-savers would probably have been standing on street corners if it had not been for the Sea Cadet Corps.

HERMITS OF THE ARCTIC (Cont. from page 57)

but he had a stock of furs. He had to eat. The natives who passed the post came once in a while with seal meat and with bear meat. Pitchforth lived. But soon the natives came less often. And when the following spring the Mounties patrolled his remote stretch of Baffin Island shore, they found him in his tiny shack, frozen to death.

Often trappers go out in pairs. Most of the time this is satisfactory, but every now and then a report comes out of the north that a trapper has been killed by his partner. For two isolated men will quarrel, and when no other white man, Indian or Eskimo, is seen for months at a time, the quarrels can become serious, leading to the use of knives or guns.

NEW YEAR IN RURAL JAPAN when the peasant farmers make merry in traditional fashion. This man with the cymbals wears a mask and a quaintly peaked hat as he takes part in the revels

There's D'Arcy Arden who last year made his first trip to the outside world in 22 years. He could have remained out of the Arctic as far as finances were concerned. But after 10 days in Edmonton, Alberta, gateway for the north, a city of 80,000 people, he had had enough of civilisation. He went back to his family on the shores of Great Bear Lake.

The shores of Great Bear Lake are now becoming populated. It was not always that way. In fact, when D'Arcy Arden first settled on the lake there were only Dogrib Indians. He gave them their first trading store. He lived with them for many years as trader and adviser, married one of their daughters. They have a fine family, Kathleen, Sonny, Hugh and Jim.

CONTINUATIONS

It was adventure that sent D'Arcy Arden from England at the age of twenty-five, from the aristocratic public school and the titled home of his ancestors. He has not seen them since. He headed for the Yukon, land of fabulous gold strikes. There he met the Hon. Frank Oliver, Canadian statesman of the past generation. Oliver advised him to go to Great Bear Lake, remote, uninhabited, hard to get at, but virgin country. It took a lot of travelling, living off the country as he went, slow work. But D'Arcy pushed on, and found a nice spot near the top of the 12,000 sq. mile lake. There he established his trading post.

He was not long a trader when he became a guide for a Mountie patrol on the trail of the Eskimo killers of two priests in the country north and east of Great Bear Lake. He saved the food supplies of that patrol on the storm-tossed lake by his skilful handling of a canoe.

They were travelling by York boat, those big barge-like freighters of the northland with their big square sails, when one of the lake's sudden storms hit them. Another York boat followed with supplies for a year. They dropped anchor on the one boat, but the anchor on the supply boat would not grip. The rope snapped, and the anchor was gone. The boat threatened to capsize.

It was no water for a canoe. But into the foaming lake D'Arcy launched his frail Indian-made canoe. Paddling against the wind, he grabbed hold of the York boat, his arms nearly wrenched out of their sockets. The Indians on the boat grabbed the rope he threw them, held his canoe while he tied another anchor to the heaving York boat. Then he dropped the anchor. He felt it hit the shallow lake bottom, and grip. It held till the storm blew over. The food had been saved.

For a time he left the shores of Great Bear Lake to act as game warden in the 17,000 sq. mile Wood Buffalo Park on the border of the North-West Territories and Alberta, where the Canadian Government had established a buffalo preserve, and was shipping excess buffalo. Then when the radium and silver strikes were being made on the shores of his former lake territory, he hied back there. And at the log cabin metropolis of Cameron Bay on Great Bear Lake his Dogrib Indians located him two years ago, with great excitement.

They could lead their former adviser to a lake to the south where there was the same smell in the rock which had made the white men come to Great Bear Lake. Pitchblende, the ore which contains radium and some silver, is supposed to have a peculiar smell. The Indians knew of another lake where this smell was predominant. Would D'Arcy go? He did not waste any time, and saying good-bye to Aranmore, his wife, and their children, he went with his Dogribs up the Bear River and by little travelled waterways to Hottah Lake, 150 miles south of Cameron Bay.

They led him to the spot where they had found the pitchblende smell. It was there. And staking all he could under the North-West Territories mining regulations, they paddled back to the recorder at Cameron Bay. There, financiers, who come and go all year by air, heard of his find, and paid him 40,000 dollars as an option. D'Arcy flew out to taste city life. He bought supplies, bought clothes for his family, was introduced to Edmonton society, proved that the Arctic had not changed his public school background, appeared well groomed wherever he went, and then decided civilisation was not for him. He shared his money with the Indians, and began prospecting in earnest on the shores of the Arctic lakes he had so often touched at in his travels.

James Montagnes

A DECEMBER FEAST IN NEW MEXICO (Continued from page 57)

garden that was in full bloom. He gathered an armful of roses and brought them to the Virgin. She took them in her hands, and then returned them to him with instructions to take them to the bishop, but not to let anyone see them until he had delivered them. So he concealed them beneath his blanket.

Once in the presence of the bishop he lifted his blanket. The roses had disappeared. In their place was a beautiful painting of the Virgin on the blanket. The bishop acknowledged the miracle, placed the blanket in his oratory, where it is still preserved, and erected the chapel, which to this day is the object of annual pilgrimage.

The celebration at Tortugas begins with a pilgrimage to the summit of Tortugas Mountain, where there is a cross in honour of the Virgin. The mountain is lighted with many "luminarios" and a huge bonfire. Upon the return to the church the ceremonial dancing begins. On the first night there is a series of five dances featured by "a dance of death."

Two weaving columns of dancers maintain a strange 4—3 time. Between the columns dance the chief, Juan Pacheco, and the queen, Rosa Maise. They keep to a 4—4 time that contrasts their movements with those of the two columns. Chief Juan Pacheco is eighty-three years old, and this year he danced in the ceremonies for the seventy-sixth consecutive time. With him danced Indians who were scarcely more than infants, just as Indians in modern American dress danced with Indians in full tribal regalia. Huge feathered headdresses featured the costumes on the first night.

As the dancing proceeded from day to day, costumes changed. Long cloth streamers in light pastel shades replaced the feathers. A chant arose that almost never ended. The time of the dances changed, growing more and more rapid. There was a note of ecstasy that mounted until the dancing ended in a climax of colour and movement.

Then the Indians sat down to feast. While some of them had been dancing, other members of the tribe had gone out with boomerangs made of mesquite roots to hunt rabbits. They had brought in between 300 and 400, which were treated with salt and pepper and many spices.

Last December something happened that greatly aroused the people of Las Cruces, who had hitherto practically ignored the festival, or pretended to ignore it. A carnival company, with ferris wheel, merry-go-round, lunch stands, gambling booths and many other cheap amusement devices moved in on the festival, practically into the churchyard. The raucous voices of hawkers crying their wares through loudspeakers broke in upon the thunder of the tom-toms and the chant of the Indians. Las Cruces decided that there had been an affront to religion, and promptly made plans to forestall a repetition of such an invasion in future years.

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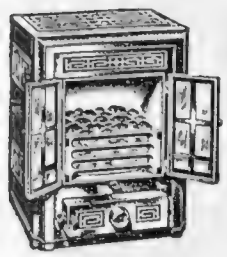

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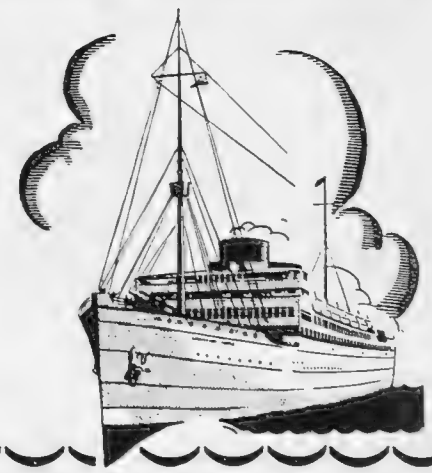

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FEBRUARY THE IDEAL WINTER SPORTS MONTH

When Drifts Disappear, there are no Invisible Obstacles Besetting the Skier's Path, and the Sun is Mounting in the Heavens

A NEW WINTER SPORT: This glider, which was recently purchased by the Davos Skating Club and is seen here during the christening ceremony on the ice rink, is fitted with skis so that it can take off from the ice

THE first thrill of eagerness to get to the winter sports is over. The season comes in with a rush just before Christmas, and the snow-on-the-mountains effect is the perfect setting for festivities associated with that holiday period. It is also a time when people can get away in larger numbers, but with the coming of the New Year business claims increasing attention. Even so, for some weeks vigorous youth complete with gear will be encountered most days in the neighbourhood of Victoria about the time of the Continental services. Less conspicuous, perhaps, because it does not need the complete outfit, is middle age, which gets a lot of pleasure from participation in the social life, observation of the exploits of the younger people, and its own mild indulgence in the sports.

Experienced people say that the conditions are best when the Alps have had the heavy snowfalls of February. Every day the sun is getting higher in the heavens and the snow changes considerably. The process of melting and freezing flattens the snow, and ultimately all drifts disappear. The sun exposes every boulder and tree-trunk, so there are no invisible obstacles.

Good snow conditions now exist over a very wide expanse of Europe, but without offending the feelings of the other countries it may be said that in these islands winter sports are primarily associated with Switzerland. The country enjoys a particularly favoured position because the main massifs of the Alpine chain are within her boundaries and the centres lie at correspondingly high altitudes. With the excellent railway system of the country—the majority of the lines are electrified—and the service of heated postal motor coaches which serve outlying centres, any points the sports people select are reached quickly and with surprising ease.

The term winter sports embraces exploits and pastimes of considerable variety. Ski-ing comes first and it has divided itself into many branches. Racing with Slalom, Sprunglauf Langlauf and Staffilauf attract the purist school, while skijöring behind horse or car or motor cycle is another aspect. Among other competitive sports bob and skelton racing and the ordinary toboggan are popular, but the snow has a strong rival in the ice. There are, it seems, unlimited facilities for skating, hockey, curling on the sun-lit rinks in an invigorating and health-giving atmosphere.

Nothing would lure me into giving a list of resorts according to their merits, or even popularity, for what a small place may lack in numbers owing to limited accommodation it may well make up in the enthusiasm of its patrons. I can only pick out a few and indicate some of their features. The Bernese Oberland was my first excursion into Switzerland, so let us give it pride of place. Wengen, which is easily reached from Interlaken, has had quite a rapid rise to the front rank, an important factor in that being its comparatively mild climate owing to the sheltered and sunny position it occupies. There is a vast expanse of ski-ground and the mountain railways enable the sports people to reach the numerous runs on both sides of the Männlichen Chain several times a day. One of its best features is its great range of ski-tours from easy runs over gently-sloping open snowfields to thrilling speed runs down forest paths.

Mürren and Grindelwald are not far away from Wengen. The former is one of the highest centres in the Bernese Oberland. It is nearly 5,500 ft. up and is reached from Interlaken via Lauterbrunnen in an hour and a half. Mürren has the oldest official ski school in the country and is famous as a centre where people learn to ski. Grindelwald is known as the "glacier village" and played a leading part in the development of winter sports. A considerable distance to the westward in the Oberland is the unspoiled village

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

THE STADIUM AMID THE ST. MORITZ PINEWOODS where, during the season, many an important ice-hockey match is fought out

CURLING AT GSTAAD, an unspoilt village of the Bernese Oberland. It is easily accessible, lying as it does less than thirty miles distant from Montreux

of Gstaad, less than 30 miles from Montreux. Most of its slopes are reached by funicular sleighs. The Wispillen standard run is one of the fastest in Switzerland, and it has a toboggan run of five miles on the Saanenmöser road. Also easily accessible from Montreux is Villars, standing high above the valley of the Rhône yet well sheltered. It has a particularly good luge run starting from the top of a steep hill. From the summits of Chamössaire and Chaux-Ronde magnificent snowy slopes descend to the luge bowl in which lies Bretaye and continue down into the villages of Villars and Chesière. Now making for the centre of the country we come to a very old favourite, Engelberg, in a lovely place enjoying the picturesque name of Valley of the Angels. One of its special features is an air-cable railway from the top of its funicular to Trübsee, 6,000 ft. above sea level, and from that point still greater heights may be reached. Mount Titlis (over 10,000 ft.) and the famous Jockpass are in the neighbourhood. Engelberg is reached from Lucerne in two hours by boat to Stanstad, thence by electric railway.

Moving farther east we enter the great canton, the Grisons, where there are about thirty well-known centres, including Arosa, Davos, Pontresina, and St. Moritz. Arosa is nearly 6,000 ft. up at the head of the Plessus valley and is reached by electric railway from Chur in little over an hour. It is one of the largest winter sports resorts in Switzerland and it provides all the facilities you could wish. Good sport is obtainable right into April, in fact the programme includes a spring ski fête with giant slalom as late as the middle of that month. The majority of the roads are kept open throughout the winter and the resort is therefore a very suitable one for those who are unable to take an active part in winter sports.

Davos, comprising the twin villages of Davos-Dorf and Davos-Platz, is the oldest mountain centre in Switzerland. It is reached by the Rhaetian railway from Landquart and the extension of the railway to Filisur connects with the Engadine and St. Moritz which can be reached in about two hours.

St. Moritz, on the other side of Davos, is undoubtedly one of the brightest and most enterprising Swiss resorts with a world-wide fame. Who has not heard of the Cresta Run? The toboggans get speeds of nearly 50 m.p.h. on it. Only a few minutes by rail from St. Moritz is Pontresina which may also be reached by a delightful walk through pine woods. Pontresina is nearly 6,000 ft. above sea level and enjoys a full measure of the Engadine sunshine and exhilarating air. It is within a very short distance of the Bernina Pass, the gateway into Lombardy, which makes a fitting introduction to a few notes on Italian winter sports centres.

Many of these are in the north but in Tuscany there is Abetone, reached from Florence, and two hours' run out of Rome there is excellent ski-ing in the Apennines. Sportsmen in the capital can leave by motor coach in the morning, spend all day in the snow and return in the evening. Well to the south, on the slopes of the volcano, Mount Etna, in sunny Sicily, there are excellent conditions for winter sports. Until about the end of February these are easily reached by narrow gauge railway or road. From Taormina the run takes only about two hours. For visitors spending the winter in the warm sun of Taormina and Syracuse a visit to the snow fields comes as a great novelty. After about the end of next month, with the sun's increased strength the end of the snow belt recedes to greater heights on the mountains.

Beverley Brooke

On right—
MEET DAVID ZOGG, the new director of the Ecole Suisse de Ski at Arosa, where hundreds of English visitors are seeking his advice this winter. He is both a clever exponent and teacher of the art of ski-ing

Photo: C. Brandt, Arosa

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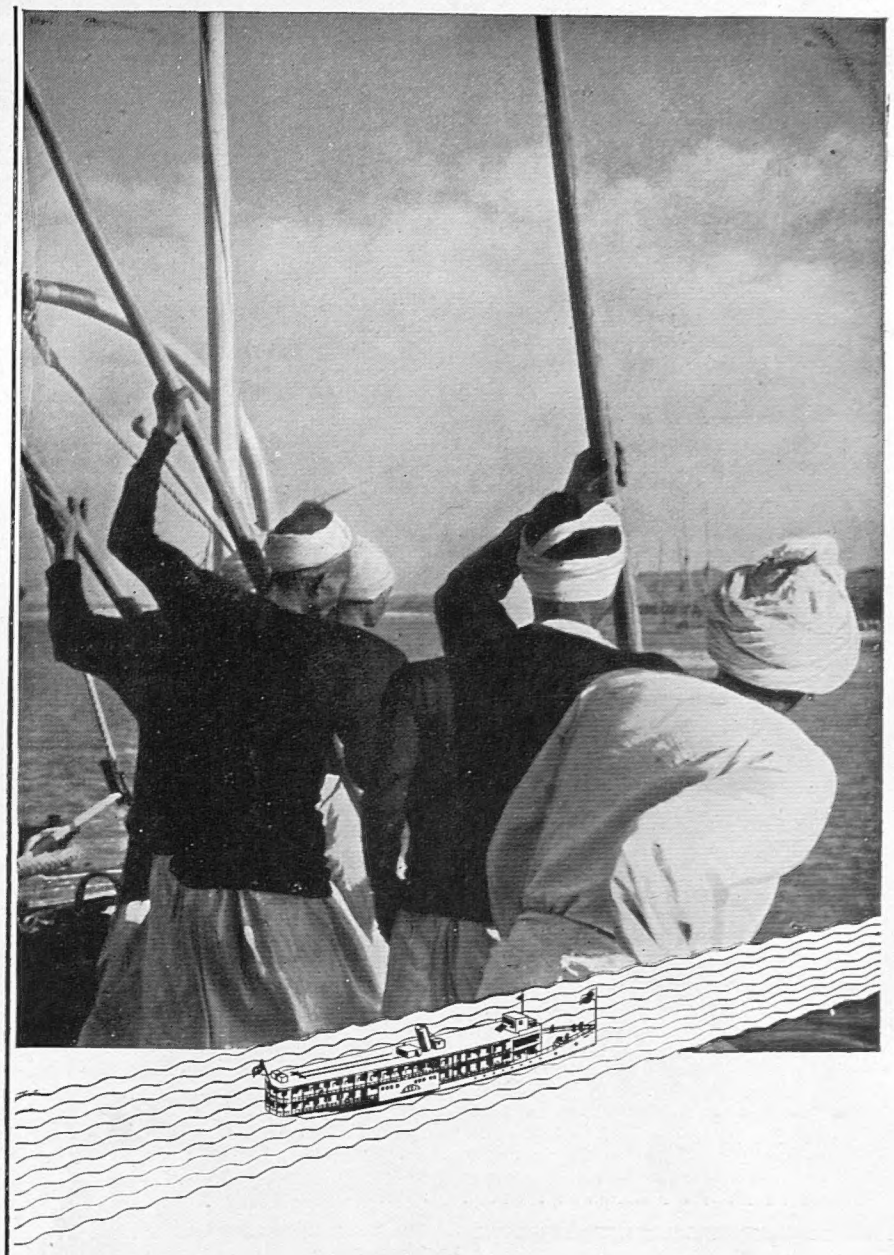

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

East Anglia Offers a High Standard of Accommodation for the Traveller: An Hotel that Radiates Hospitality

WHAT excellent country there is in East Anglia! If one draws a line from King's Lynn through Cambridge to Ware, and thence across through Chelmsford to the sea, one encloses some of the best agricultural land in England, and even if farming may not pay, it has certainly preserved for us (if we except the National Trust and the common land) all that remains beautiful in England. But there is more in this corner of our country than simple rustic beauty. There are endless historical places of interest: the old houses, like the Rye House, Audley End, and Blickling; the cathedrals of Norwich and Ely, the colleges of Cambridge, and a hundred old churches and castles, each with its appeal of beauty and romance.

Where do you find better shooting? Think of the acres of stubble and roots, of the wealth of coverts, of the duck in the dawn round Cley or on the Essex coast. Think, too, of the bird sanctuaries at Holkham and the rare butterflies along the Devil's Dyke. Finally, to continue my lyrical note, think of the hotels and inns.

Let us start at Cambridge. Recently I had an opportunity to visit the new wing of the University Arms. It runs back along the edge of Parker's Piece and contains the very latest improvements in hotel design. There are charming suites and ordinary rooms with bathroom attached. There are rooms at hand for maids and valets. You can be in bed and extinguish all the lights in the suite or put them on again before you get up. And the little writing tables that fold up into the wall are most cunningly devised. Certainly the University Arms is not only proud of its reputation in the past: it intends to have one in the future.

A smaller, but very good, Cambridge hotel is the Garden House Hotel, which lies by the upper river at the back of Peterhouse. Mention of it reminds me of another hotel in the same direction, Sea Marge at Cromer, and this also I can confidently recommend.

From Cambridge let us take the Norwich road through Newmarket. Some six miles beyond Newmarket we come to Barton Mills, and here I want you to make a special point of stopping at the Bull Hotel. You will find it on the left just after the first turning to Mildenhall. Here you will find everything that you require, good fires, comfortable furniture, and excellent food. The house radiates hospitality, and when you have seen Mr. Martin I think you will know why!

The house is an old one, and once was a monks' house under the Abbots of Bury. There have, of course, been later additions, including some old Dutch tiles in the fireplaces, which are among the best I have seen. If you are going to Newmarket for the races, or merely travelling to Norwich along the Thetford road, do not forget the Bull.

In Norwich itself there is a very ancient inn, originally the Molde Fish, but celebrated, at least since the Paston Letters, as the Maid's Head. Queen Elizabeth is said to have stayed here: and the whole place smacks of history. It is comfortable and quaint; and if you wish to visit the cathedral the gateway to the close is opposite. Incidentally, Tristram's work on the bosses of the cloisters is an absolute joy. The colouring is most delicate, and if you want to prepare your palate for them I recommend the simple severity of the school chapel, just outside the cathedral. This prepares one, like a Manzanilla, for the vintages within.

All these glories are quite close to the Maid's Head, but if you prefer a more modern house there is, standing high up on the Newmarket road, an excellent private hotel called the Annersley. It lies on the right-hand side as you enter Norwich, and is faced by its annexe over the way. I have not yet had an opportunity of taking a meal at the Annersley, but the menus that I saw were, in French parlance, "formidable." The public rooms are bright and cosy, and the bedrooms excellent both in hotel and annexe.

Returning south, there is, of course, the Great White Horse at Ipswich; and at Colchester my readers will not, I hope, forget that "you can always get a lobster at the George." But if, as so many prefer to do, one by-passes both Colchester and Ipswich, there is one very excellent port of call before the country gives way to the town, and that is the Spread Eagle at Witham. The Spread Eagle is specially good at catering for the motorist. Cheerful fires, a lounge bar, and hot meals are ready waiting; and if you do not stop and profit by them it is your fault. In other words, "You have been warned."

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

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The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Inquiries by letter addressed to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau, 32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot, however, be accepted

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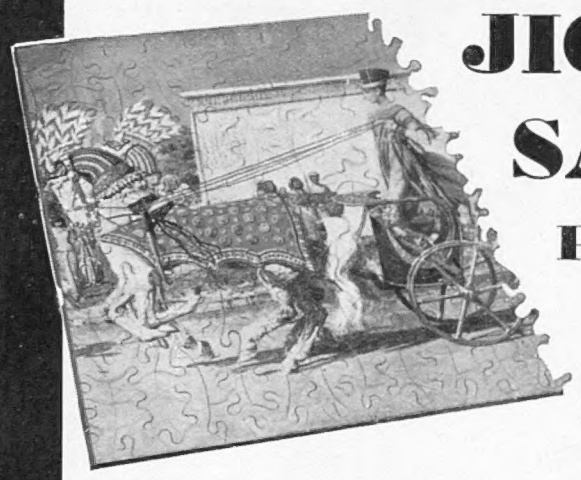

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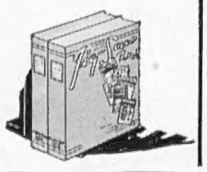

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ENGLAND

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Hotel.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Dorchester (Dorset).—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
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Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
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Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.

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Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—The Royal Glen Hotel. Phone: 221
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Palace Hotel. Tel. 2271.
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Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
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Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

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Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
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Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.

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St. Moritz.—Savoy Hotel.—1st cl. fam. hotel. quiet central position, lake view. Pen. S. frs. 16, Attached: Savoy Bar—Dancing, open all night.

Wengen.—Grand Hotel Belvedere.—1st class, every modern comfort, excellent cuisine, Bar, Orchestra. Pension terms from 14/-.

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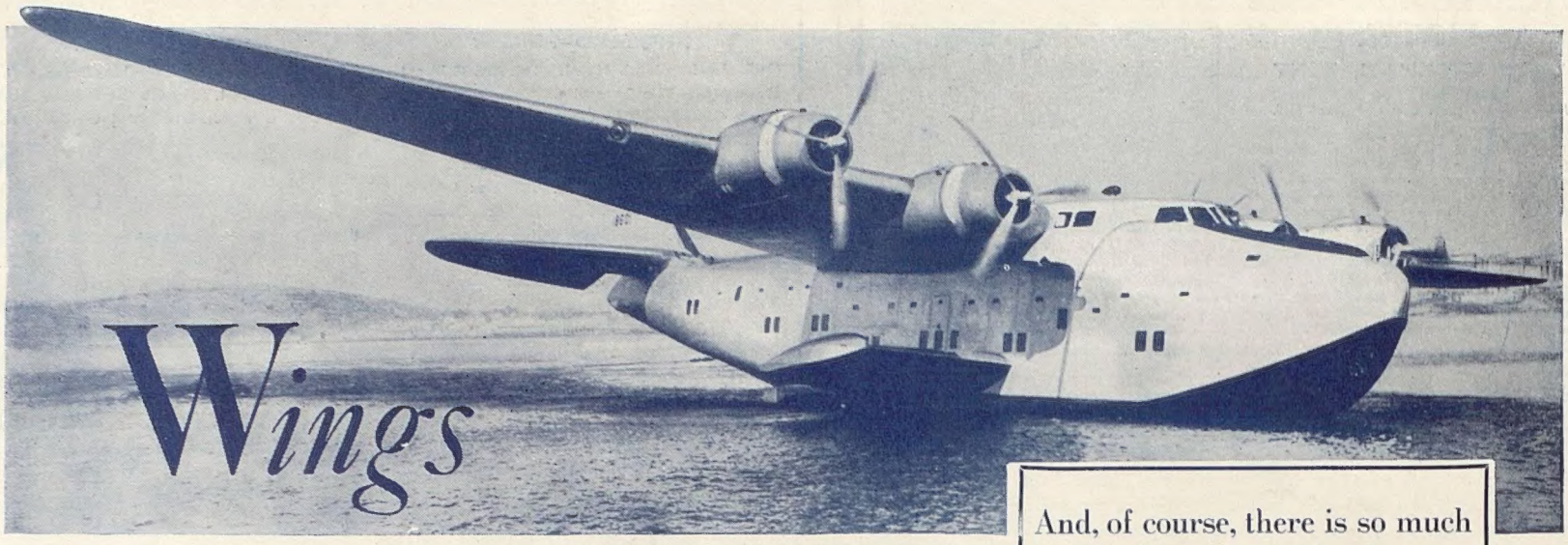

Wings over the Pacific

by Lady Drummond Hay

"NO women, no cats, no dogs. Forty-three men, thousands of rats, hermit crabs and myriads of birds on a coral island one mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, more than 1,300 miles from the nearest land. No soil, no water save rain preserved in underground cisterns. Supplies brought by ship twice a year. The only means of arrival and departure by air. But who would want to leave? This is Wake Island, an unspoiled little paradise. If I could, I would buy it. For all my travelling experience, I know only one other retreat I have coveted—that was Mersa Matruh on the coast of the western desert of Egypt before it became commercialised.

You will not find Wake Island, lying 19° 15′ north and 166° 38′ 15′ east, on any but a specialised map. Discovered in 1796, possessed for the United States in 1898 by General F. V. Greene commanding the Second Detachment Philippine Expedition, it did not exist for the world until the coming of the S.S. *North Haven* in May, 1935, and subsequent colonisation with Pan-American Airways staff and some Chamarro boys from Guam as an overnight stop for their trans-Pacific service. Wake Island is under the jurisdiction of the Navy Department, and in time will become a very useful naval base as a link in the South Pacific chain from Manila to San Francisco, via Guam, Wake Island, Midway Island, and Honolulu.

I had flown the 8,500 miles from London to Singapore in the extraordinarily comfortable Douglas plane *Kwak* of the K.L.M. Dutch Airlines, piloted by the famous Commander Evert van Dijk, who in 1930 flew across the North Atlantic as second pilot to Air Commodore Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith in the three-engine Fokker *Southern Cross*. Upon his return to Holland, Queen Wilhelmina appointed him Knight of the Order of Oranje Nassau. He also holds Dutch and French medals for life-saving.

DURING the five days' flight, Commander van Dijk often invited me to sit beside him in the second-pilot's seat, and let me familiarise myself with the working and adjustments of the automatic pilot. From this point of vantage I saw the black smoke of Vesuvius volcano undulating like a sable banner against a blood-red dawn; the golden coastline of Egypt; my first glimpse of Basra, the Persian Gulf and Baghdad of the fairy tales. Other unforgettable memories will be night-landing at Jodhpur, circling over the city scintillating like the jewels in the Maharaja's turban; the rich afternoon sun setting aflame the golden Shwe Dagön Pagoda in Rangoon. Some 368 feet high, covered with pure gold from base to summit, it dominates the city from an eminence of 168 feet. Before dawn on the last lap, Commander van Dijk called me to the cockpit to see the sun rise on the jungles of Siam, flying low over certain areas where, he said, the sacred white elephants are found. He told me he sees them sometimes.

From a background of harassed, turbulent Europe to Singapore, that most romantic seaport in the world, thence to the grim reality of the China horror. Hong Kong, congested with swarming refugees, and alive with disease. My hotel windows in Shanghai gave out on to scenes of blackened ruin and skeleton desolation, often starkly silhouetted against the night sky by leaping blazes. Inland, fighting, pestilence and the martyrdom of a peaceful peasant population confronted with the terrors of a ruthless and undisciplined military.

Hong Kong again, then sweltering Manila. A midnight boarding of the Pan-American Glen-Martin flying boat, the *Philippine Clipper*, 26 tons, 4,000 h.p., manned by a crew of seven, for the first lap of 1,587 miles to Guam, necessarily non-stop, as there is no land or island between Manila and Guam. Safety depends entirely on the engines and navigation. The trans-Pacific airline was surveyed from the surface in 1933, and from the air in 1935, the first flight having been made by the late Captain Edwin Musick in a Sikorsky S.42. Captain Musick and the remaining six crew subsequently perished with the *Samoa Clipper* off the Samoan Islands in December, 1937, on the second flight of the newly-inaugurated U.S.A.–New Zealand service."

—LADY DRUMMOND HAY.

The author of this article, herself a fully qualified pilot, and the only woman passenger on that memorable round-the-world trip which the "Graf Zeppelin" accomplished in 1929, tells you of her recent flying experiences and of her journey by flying boat across the Pacific, from Manila to San Francisco. Here is real reading enjoyment, interesting, unusual, exciting—read it all in the January issue of "Britannia and Eve."

And, of course, there is so much more to read in the January issue of BRITANNIA and EVE

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